

*The*  
**BOOK**  
*of*  
**GREAT  
NECK**

**G**REAT NECK! The community of beautiful homes and of happy, healthy people is also a place of high historic interest, and there are probably few other spots on all Long Island where the past and present — the work of the Founders and the Builders — are so closely interwoven.

Every home and every family here has its own individual history — the struggles of the pioneer and the achievements of men of modern times — these form a continuous chronicle, linked with the steady growth and prosperity of our pleasant peninsula.

To preserve in permanent form all that relates to the honorable past as well as to the swiftly passing present — a duty we owe to future generations — is the object of this work.

If "THE BOOK OF GREAT NECK" brings to you some sensation of civic pride in being "one of the family" it will have accomplished its purpose.

THE EDITORS.

# *The* BOOK of GREAT NECK

Edited and Compiled

*by*

DEVAH and GIL SPEAR

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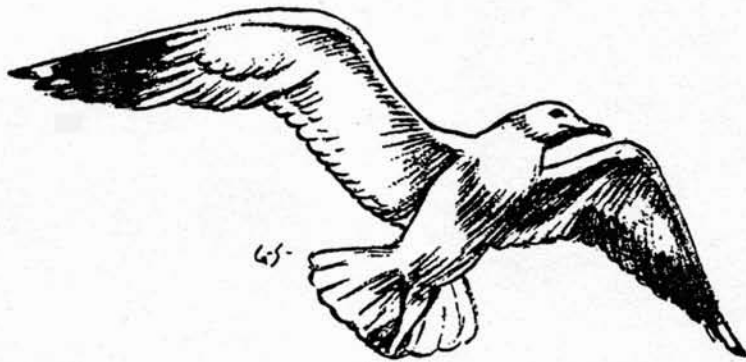
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GREAT NECK GOES TO TOWN





# GREAT NECK GROWS

*(Being a Brief History of our Peninsula)*

by  
ADRIAN GIL SPEAR  
*Illustrated by the Author*

## CHAPTER I.

### *"Life Begins . . ."*

LEGEND has it that the hoary headed gulls indigenous to Long Island Sound live forever.

Tall as this tale may seem, we do know that the species of sea fowl here about do, most assuredly, achieve to a ripe and serene old age. Naive natives of this north shoreward neck of the woods are wont to ascribe this exceptional longevity variously.

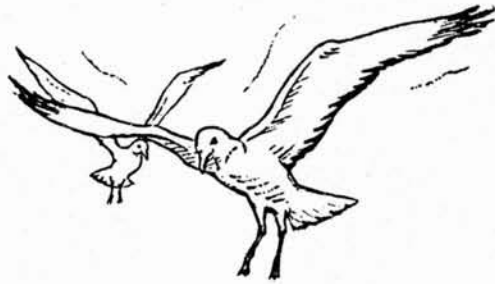
Some argue that the beneficent vitamins secreted in the succulent bivalves and finny denizens of our surrounding waters are responsible. Others more logically hold that the sunny salubriousness of our climate is in itself enough to assure a long and happy heritage not only to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field but also to those two-legged animals who have lived long and prospered on this pleasant peninsula since time immemorial.

But there is now a new theory being promulgated by the proud present generation of Great Neckers who prescribe to that sententious slogan of our community: *"Live in Great Neck and Enjoy Life."*

It is their ardent belief that, long years ago, the wise old bird discovered the truth of this axiom and has, therefore, gone on enjoying the luxuriant life of this happy land so much that he just naturally refuses to die.

To such a legendary bird then let us give credit for being the first sagacious creature to view and appreciate the allure of this fair haven of health, wealth and pursuit of happiness.

Let it be our symbol.



## CHAPTER II.

### *A Bird's Eye View*

SO, now we will drift dreamily back through the mists of time—say about four hundred years—and take a gull's-eye view of that neck of the forest primeval whose happy destiny it was to become the good ground of our splendid present habitation.

To such a legendary bird soaring, circling, volplaning high above a rococo coastline, the jagged jut of land below would have appeared as a giant's gloved hand thrust out as though in welcome to all the mainland across the placid waters of the sound.

This gesture has apparently been Great Neck's genial attitude down through the ages.

All Long Island has often been described geographically as shaped "like a huge fish, with its head in New York Bay and the flukes of its tail trailing east to Orient Point on the north and Montauk on the south." A look at any map will verify this impression, but by the same token remember that a fish, no matter how big, would be a poor fish indeed were it not equipped with a strong back-bone and gills for breathing purposes.

So, let Queens County represent the head and Suffolk the tail, the rugged north shore remains the stout spine which supports all the rest; and right here, where lies our peninsula, would be the life giving gills—the breathing space without which the rest of the Big Fish could not exist.

Geologists have it that back in dim ages when our land was rising from the turbulent waters that covered a whirling globe, this long strip of land was undoubtedly created by the winds and the waves piling shell and sand on a thin reef of bed rock. We take it for granted therefore that this Great Neck of ours, being on some of the highest ground hereabouts, was even then, as it is today, the most outstanding and substantial spot on all Long Island.

Let us leave the answer to our good gull (who certainly knows his fish). Up there, aloft, he cocks his beady-bright eye and answers "Right you are!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### *"This is the Forest Primeval—"*

FROM the song of George M. Cohan, one of our famous erstwhile natives, we know now (as our good gray gull knew then), that all this great continent was once merely a virgin wonderland of "Fifty Thousand Indians and Fifty Million Trees."

These fifty thousand Indians called themselves the Algonquin Nation and held absolute sway over all the land from the "Great Water" westward to the sunset. But the dominant branch of the tribe along the eastern seaboard was known as the Delawares. These splendid specimens of a primitive people were peace-loving and industrious, (even as you and I,) and noted as valiant hunters and fishers. What could be more natural than that these "noblest red men of them all" should be attracted to this long island paradise of "Paumanacke," (their own name for the "The Big Fish swimming betwixt the Sound and the Sea") and here establish that first ideal community of good sportsmanship and abundant living on the spot where it has persisted down through the ages.

The "first family" of our fair island in that far day was a fine up-standing lot known as the Montauks. Their chief was the first "Big Shot" and was known by the high-falutin' title of "Grand Sachem of Paumanacke." He it was who laid down the law, and saw that it was obeyed. The unwritten code of honor was briefly this: "A trail or a stream, or stones set up, mark a territory; and over this boundary no neighboring tribe shall pass to hunt or fish." Had the pale face on his advent adhered to this wise custom, a whole heap of trouble might have been avoided.

However, we have at last reverted to type, as it were, and the present Real Estate Board now functions in much the same fashion as our original progenitors decreed. The Montauk tribe was in reality a group of just thirteen families, scattered the length and breadth of the island.

Our own direct native antecedents in this great neck of the woods were a fine family yclept the "Matine-cockes", who kept this pleasant peninsula inviolate and lived an idyllic existence in a land where good game was abundant and "wampum" (the only currency of their day) washed up on their sandy beaches with every tide. Truly a veritable "Happy Hunting Ground"!



#### CHAPTER IV.

##### *The First Social Register*

**T**HIS particular paradise of Paumanacke was called "Wallage." Why? Nobody seems to know!

By the same token our neighboring peninsula to the east was then "Sint Sink", whatever that meant. (Now it's Port—eh! We've forgotten the name for the moment but it was named—years later—for a certain citizen of Virginia.) So we'll skip lightly over to our own neck. For Wallage, of course, was "the tops" even in that ancient day and held mighty "pow-wow" in its bark lodges for the visiting Sachems from the other thirteen tribes when they came a-visiting to sample its, then as now, vaunted hospitality.



Our immediate neighbors to the westward were the Canarsie family, a lowly clan who squatted inland around what was then known as Jamico—(and is now, strangely enough, called Jamaica.) They must have been somewhat a "rum" bunch.

The south-shore sojourners of that far day—the fore-runners of our present crop of sun-burned summer resorters—were the Massapeagues, the Meracocks (or Merokes, or Merricks) and naturally, the Rockaways. For far and near, the Rockaways we have always with us!

Further "down east" the fine-feathered social set was then composed of Setaukets, Corchaugs, Patchouges, Secatoques, Nissaquogues, and Shinnecocks. (What! No Whitneys, Milburns, Morgans and Hitchcocks?)

While off on the far eastern islands, in that wash of "the Big Fish's" tail were the forgotten Man-hassetts.

So stood the social register of those halcyon days when all was harmony and happy hunting between the peaceful peoples of Paumanacke; and those sagacious redskins who preceded us on this pleasing promontory were leaders in the pleasant pursuits of the chase and the gentle art of making wampum, (at which, even then, they excelled over the other islanders) a heritage that they have apparently handed down to such distinguished citizens, in our present midst, as the Sloanes, the Chryslers, the Alkers, Barstows, and Sinclairs, and others too prosperous to mention.



## CHAPTER V.

### *Discovery—(An Interlude)*

**I**MAGINE then, the surprise of our young gull on a bright morning in September of the year 1609. Ascending in ever widening circles over his beloved Sound as was his habit in the dawn's early light (the better to locate the choicest school of tommy-cod or mullet), he had an uninterrupted view of not only the land and waters directly beneath but of a wide-flung panorama, taking in the rolling ocean and the mighty palisaded river across the mainland.

As his bright, beady eye swept this noble perspective to the westward, he must have shrilled one of his eeriest cries, for down there in the rip-tide where the river met the sea, was a monster bird resting on the waters, its great wings flapping in the offshore breeze.

Our gull naturally must have joined the swirl of other sea-fowl that gathered on that momentous occasion to greet this first super-gull to visit his placid domain, and little could he have visualized then what a difference the "Big Bird's" coming was to make in this peaceful land.

It was soon discovered of course, that the thing in the bay was not a proper fowl at all for its bottom was made of wood and its wings instead of being feathered were gay with painted red, yellow and green designs. At its head was a red lion with a yellow mane and its tail was high out of the water and painted blue with a great white crescent moon thereon. Yes! "The Half Moon" had come to our world.

Joining the gulls soon came the wondering red men in their canoes, suspiciously alert at their first sight of the pale-faced, bearded strangers peering at them from this monster out of nowhere. They were hailed by a god-like figure in a plumed hat and red cloak, but his talk was as unintelligible to them as their sign language was to him; and thus came about the first tragedy in the "white" history of our fair island.

Several of the newcomers embarked in a small boat and struck out for the shore. At this intrusion the Indians let loose a flight of arrows, and one among the invader's crew was slain before ever the foot of white man touched our soil.

That night some members of the Half Moon's crew did manage to come ashore, for the funereal purpose of burying their dead. This would seem an ominous beginning for the subsequent colonization of our island by Europeans; but although our first white, permanent resident may have been a corpse, (believe it or not!) the next three centuries were to provide a glorious exception to the rule and show a preponderance of "live ones" inhabiting the length and breadth of Old Paumanacke's erstwhile, virgin paradise.



## CHAPTER VI.

### *How "Wallage" Neck Became "Great"*

**T**O one Adrian Block, a doughty captain of the Great Dutch West India Company, however, must go the distinction of being the premier pale face to actually set eyes upon this greensward we call Great Neck.

He it was who followed up his English compatriot, Captain Henry Hudson to the new found land in the year 1614. But while the Half Moon was merely on a wild goose chase expedition to find that much-mooted "northwest passage to India," the good ship "Tiger" under Block's command came to stay. The fact that the vessel burned to the water-line and sank soon after its arrival may have been a contributing factor to this permanence, but the fact remains that Adrian Block settled down hereabouts and became our first and foremost captain of industry.

He and his merry men opened up a fur trading post and immediately established "big business" operations with the naive natives, whom history records as being, at first disgruntled at receiving "worthless iron slugs" for their animal pelts rather than the wampum currency coined by our own island's (shell) banks. They soon got over this aversion to Dutch gold, however, and apparently continued to trade amicably with the more sophisticated strangers from that time on; for while occasional flare-ups are recorded by the more warlike Iroquois and other tribes of the mainland, our peace-loving Paumanackes seem to have submitted to the changing ways tranquilly as was their island heritage; in fact so meekly did they merge into the new social order that their glorious history practically ceased to exist from this period, and the noble race of red men gradually vanished from their once isolated Eden.



And that, we imagine, would account for the lost legend of "Wallage" (undoubtedly meaning "Exclusive" in the language of the Matinecocke tribe) the name that was given to our green swathed neck of land, until that day when valiant Adrian Block came sailing by in his new built ship "Der Onrust" (The Restless), and on first viewing this garden spot of all the surrounding land, in his admiring enthusiasm called it "*Great!*"

## CHAPTER VII.

### *The First Land Boom!*

**W**E who now proudly call this great neck, "our own, our native land", have seen some several sudden surges of prosperity caused by a "boom" in property values and the influx of new blood into our insular life stream.

At recurrent times certain sagacious citizens, of other less favored sections, have been impelled by the bounteous beauty of our peninsula (with a slight urge perhaps, from the astute members among our many estate's agents,) to flock to this land of promise in hordes of happy home-seekers. Our residents of longer standing, our merchants (and the aforementioned agents) have welcomed them with open arms. The peaceful spirit of Old Paumanacke, himself, has seemed to embrace them and within a short span mobilized them into full membership in the "Tribe."

This "blessed event"—the birth of a boom—seems about to burst upon us again and all the loyal legion of Wallage's sons and daughters are making obeisance before the sacred totem and preparing a royal reception for the oncoming waves of new citizens. As we said before, these waves have engulfed our peninsula in prosperity on many occasions in times past and always left it more fertile and fecund with each recurring tide.

A "sea of new faces" will, of course, continue to boom on our shores through the eons to come and the land will rejoice to receive them as ever it has since that first "big boom" back in the year 1638.

Some three hundred years ago the worthy Dutch burghers and their "goede vrouwen" began that exodus from tight little Manhattan's Isle that has been going on ever since. They probably used the same formula in conversation as the newer migrator does to-day: Somewhat in this vein.

"My dear, this town is becoming impossible! The congestion is terrible! We owe it to the children to get out into the open country where one can breath." Translate that into ancient Hollandaise and you have the equivalent of our slogan "Live in Great Neck and Enjoy Life." However, these Dutch were not too imaginative, so they moved first to Brooklyn! Of all places.

What an anticlimax!

Let us digress momentarily to clear up this mysterious matter of how our neighboring metropolis came by *its* name. It was not, as many seem to surmise, from the purling brooks and linden trees abounding in the vicinity, but from the fact that the frugal Dutch were, as usual, out to get the most for the least possible outlay in cash, so when they first started to cultivate their "bouwerries" of tulips *and* turnips instead of paying rent or buying the land outright they obtained from the West India Company a "free loan" of their farms, with ten years in which to settle up

by turning over a tenth of their produce; and as "free loan" translated into Holland dutch is "bruijk" "leen" Bruijkleen (or Brooklyn) it became. And that is that! and nothing can be done about it.

However, to get back to our own case history—and our own superior suburb—with all speed (as is the custom when in Brooklyn), an Indian trail ran from this Bruijkleen Colony out along the beautiful bay-indented north shore. And where should such a trail lead but to the pristine purlieus of "Wallage"; the Great Neck of the Future.

Naturally!

So it was, the first pioneers came to this peninsula of promise.







## CHAPTER VIII.

### *In Dutch Possession*

ALL of the long island of Paumanacke was claimed by the Dutchmen merely by the fact of Captain Hudson's brief visit and Adrian Block's circumnavigation of its shoreline.

But except for the farmlands in and about Bruijkleen, they had made few habitations to the north and east. These wild lands of tree-clad ridges and wind-swept sand dunes were left to their primitive owners, the Indians, and those still more ancient "settlers", the ever hovering gulls.

There were many wolves roaming our island in those days and other fur-bearing game that the mighty nimrods among the thirteen tribes delighted to hunt. The thrifty Dutch were primarily a "civilized people," meaning that they had always lived in close communities; and except for wide ranging sea adventures were not much given to doubtful businesses, such as tracking down and slaying ferocious wild creatures for meat. They left that job to the "uncultured races." Such as the Indians and—later, the English.

But they were always canny traders. Especially in fur pelts which, at the moment, was the chief stock in trade between their homeland and this rugged new found wilderness.

So it would seem that very few of the benign burghers of new Netherlands had the hardihood to hew out homesteads for themselves in the wilderness of wolves and savages that was "Wallage" in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. They used the indian trails over the island only to establish business relations with the natives by procuring the pelts of the fur-bearing animals for a few handfuls of gaudy glass beads, or a bit of cloth, or a shining steel knife, (which implement, strange as it may seem, was quite a novelty to the peaceful peoples of Paumanacke in that age of innocence.)

However, wherever they wandered they had the foresight to put up notice boards which in translation read: "No Trespassing! By order of the Dutch West India Company. This means YOU!"

But apparently the hard-bitten English yankees seeping down from frosty Massachusetts did not believe in signs—(or, they couldn't read.) Anyway they slipped in and "squatted" eventually on the land, making this territory "just another bit of Old England."

## CHAPTER IX.

### "Rule Britannia!"

**I**N our own Washington Irving's hilarious history of the Knickerbocker days, he sums up the transition from somulent Dutch dominion of our countryside to the more virile rule of the British colonist thusly:—

" . . . . . the good old Dutch aristocracy loomed out in all its grandeur. The burly burgher, in round-crowned flaundrish hat with brim of vast circumference, in portly gabardine and bulbous multiplicity of breeches, sat on his 'stoep', and smoked his pipe in lordly silence; nor did it ever enter his brain that the active restless Yankee, whom he saw through half-shut eyes, . . . ever intent on the main chance, was one day to usurp control over the goodly Dutch domains."

These Britons were a hardy race indubitably. Had they not picked that rock at Plymouth as a "soft spot", in the first place? But the bleak barrenness of the boulder-bound New England coast had begun to pall upon the more imaginative among them, and so casting envious eyes toward that island paradise to the sunny southward, they got their heads together and reasoned in the fashion as has always been their custom.

"What ho! Who are these bloomin' blighters, the Dutch? What right have they to the "Ridings" of our Southold? Did not our Cabot chaps sail these seas a century and more before this chap Hudson? And Hudson! Ha! Was he not British born and merely hired by these blighters to brave the perils they flunked? I say there! Get off the earth! The island is *ours* by right of discovery, domain and all that sort of thing—don't y'know? Tooodle-oo! Pip pip and cheerio, old things. Buzz off!"

Right you are! "Britons never, never, never, will be slaves" even to that old theory that "possession is nine-tenths of the law." So they quietly began their trek to that new "right little, tight little island" that was to soon become another pink spot on the map where the sun never sets.

But they, as usual, went about it the hard way. They came in via the sea and the Sound to the deserted dunes and pine barrens of the far-flung "tail" of the "Big Fish" to the sea surrounded east. Yes! "Britannia rules the waves." But very seldom waives the rules, for when the doughty Dutch threatened to raise a rumpus they did not fight 'em—they "jined" 'em. Swore allegiance to "The Company" and made themselves very much at home. In fact they took such an interest in homemaking hereabouts that, while still nominally "subjects of the Dutch crown", they moved into the new territory in such numbers, by 1644 they had established their own county seat;—which they promptly named Hempstead (after a little market town—Hemel-Hempstead—

in the old country) in the very heart of the island, and by the year 1673 only 8 out of 66 inhabitants remained who had any trace of Dutch descent. It is with this brand of "British pluck" and persistence that the English have established their permanence in far lands beyond the seas that "become forever England." And our fair island was to be no exception to this rule.—At least not for a century or so—but that, as another great Britisher so often wrote, "is another story." So let us stick to our time and place and tell the tale,—legend perhaps—of the first English occupation of this great neck; this garden spot on the Sound that has ever been the ultimate grail of the discriminating homeseeker.

We have reviewed in turn the domination of the lonely gull, Lo! the poor Indian—The doughty Dutch. Now! "Here come the British"—and how!



## CHAPTER X.

### "*HOWE—(and Anne Heatherton?)*"

*A*ND now we come to the controversial part of our history—a moot point, (not to be confused with King's, Elm or other points north or west, but just *moot*)—that has been disputed down through the last two hundred years, but which has persisted nevertheless as the true tale of how this paradoxical peninsula came to be called at one time "Madnan's Neck". Legend it may be—but here is the story, as it comes to us from many sources: A man named Howe in the winter of 1640 began to get fed-up with the rigors of the harsh climate and unromantic landscape around My Lord Sterling's crown colony in Lynne, Massachusetts. He dreamed of sunnier climes and more pleasing prospects. So having heard rumors of the bountiful beauties of the large, long island to the south, he gathered about him a crew of adventurous kinsprits and read to them from the edict of "Good Queen Bess" — (Elizabeth — to you—) these portentous words,—“Discovery followed by neglect is not enough. Discovery must be followed up by occupation.” Well! Had not those brave Britons John and Sebastian Cabot discovered the continent of North America? Right Ho! Well then—what to do about it but carry out the rest of the royal command and occupy this blighty insular paradise and have done with it. Wot, Wot?

So—come the soft spring weather — (one couldn't move from old New England in the wintertime—it wasn't exactly "cricket" and beside one was frozen in—tight) good Captain Howe and his potential paradise-dwellers sallied forth on conquest bent. Sixteen persons in all made up the venture. (Believe it or bust they were joyously yclept "The Undertakers", in an ancient manuscript.) Among them were supposed to have been at least two women, a child, and a minister of the gospel according to St. James. What became of the parson, the infant and one of the ladies has naught to do with our chronicle. But of the other female? Ah! Thereby hangs our tale. Did valiant Skipper Howe have a "girl friend"? Was her name Anne Heatherton? And did she "wear the pants"? The first two questions are, as we said, polemic; but if true, certainly the last interrogation is answerable only in the affirmative for Anne, (Nancy or Nan as romanticists variously call her)—most certainly did.

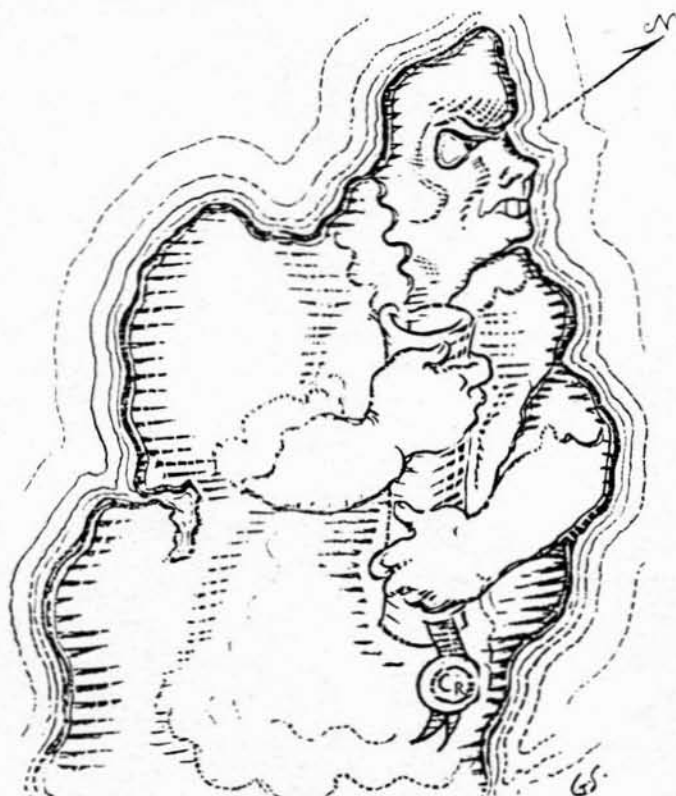
Capt'n Dan'l Howe and party seem to have looked over our north shore-line with a fine, discriminating eye. They sailed right past the assorted islands, points, necks, and coves abutting on the Sound to our east-nor-east and gave them the snooty go-by they merited. For remember these cautious colonists were in search of the perfect spot, an idyllic Eden for their family's future fulfilment. Ah! alas! and to think that they missed it by only a scant few hundred yards. For they put in to a pleasant piece of placid water then called by the Dutch "Schout's Bay"



later "Howe's Bay" by the British and now by the older Indian name — Manhasset. Here they moored for the night between two juts of wooded land.

In view of subsequent happenings there must have been some debate aboard as to which shore the party would honor with its settlement; and certainly this Heatherton lass must have shown decided preference for the much more lovely land toward the setting sun, (ahem! naturally this was our own, our native neck) over the less attractive though seemingly larger jut to the eastward. Perhaps they tossed up the proverbial penny to decide the fate of the expedition; but at any rate we now know that fates were agin' em. For some unexplained reason they chose the wrong side of the bay and landed on Cow Neck.

Too, too bad! From that moment onward they were marked for disappointment. For no sooner had they slapped together a few rough huts and prepared to "sitt down upon the land" as an old volume has it— ("squatting" is our word), than the dumb-founded Dutch happened along and gave them the bum's rush,—or to put it with more finesse—"the works."



*"Mad Nan holds her own."*

*(from an old print.)*

Some antiquarians have it that Capt'n Howe had taken a run-out powder even before the sheriff ("schout," in dutch) caught up with 'em. Anyway, the records show that only eight men and one woman, (our Nan was not among 'em) were captured and jugged in the jail at New Amsterdam; and as this same Daniel Howe showed up later that same year all the way over on the far south shore, and started a summer resort he called Southampton, he must have taken a quick hop, skip and jump at the first sign of trouble, and might be running yet had not the sea stopped him. But not so Nan Heather-ton! She was made of sterner stuff.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *"Mad Nan! (her Neck)"*

**W**HETHER and whatever this valiant Anne-Nancy or Nan-Heatherton may have been—legend or lost lady of history—she was certainly no craven; and by the same token neither was she so crazy.

How she first arrived here we do not know—perhaps she swam. But she grabbed for herself that beautiful piece of land we now know as King's Point (and Kennilworth too) and held it alone—against all comers for quite a spell, so the story goes.

Crazy? Like a fox.

We rather suppose that her "Mad" appellation came from the "mad on" she developed against Dan Howe and the other lily-livered lot when they so flagrantly chose the wrong peninsula for their short-lived settlement as against this delightful land of her own heart's desire. Certainly she was mad at the Dutch. So much so that they tactfully seem to have let her strictly alone in her serene solitude on this fairest of the Sound's fair havens.

So let us give this little girl a great big hand. For no matter what the true facts may be, she would seem to have been the premier pale-faced person to show the perspicacity of knowing a good thing when she saw it, and settle with any show of permanence, on our perfect peninsula.

Ancient archives do not record her actual possession of the land, neither do our histories divulge her tenantry but it has passed down through the years that in the 1640's an English woman who had escaped the Dutch raid on Lord Sterling's ill-fated attempt to colonize "certain empty lands on the Island of Nassau", held squatter's rights to portions of the Wallage peninsula, and that subsequently other settlers negotiated with her for purchase of pieces of this pretty property. She probably did the first thriving real estate business hereabouts, although unfortunately, she did not conform to our present-day strict standards of the Real Estate Board. For when she endeavored to show clear title to the section she occupied she could not; and being also unable to procure a grant, she apparently got real good and mad this time and made such a fuss about it that the authorities—that-were, investigated her title and eventually deported her back to that bleak Massachusetts from whence she had fled. In other tragic words: "Annie didn't live here any more." Poor Mad Nan: Let us honor her memory. She at least gave us a picturesque name.



*From an old print*



## CHAPTER XII.

"1660—and all that—"

NOW that we have disposed so unceremoniously of our local (legendary?) heroine, let us look the real factual evidence of our progenitors' early tenantry of this good ground squarely in the "leasehold." In other, more familiar, words, "Now let's take a look at the records." Thanks to our old friend Mr. George L. Whittle, one of the stalwart shoots of the mighty Allen family tree that has scattered its seed through the past two centuries so abundantly—upon our fertile soil—and with so much profit to the land in true worth and integrity—we are now enabled to give you the results of some really noteworthy research into the actual activities of our antecedents—and his ancestors—on this perpetually perfect peninsula.

Sol Here goes:

"In 1660 George Hewlett of Hempstead bought of Richard Brudnell (one of the original (Dutch?) grantees) a large piece of land on Madnan's Neck. Part of this patent, later came to be the Harriet Smith estate. The first George Hewlett was born in England in 1634 and died here in 1722. He had three sons. His son George 2nd, he settled on the land in Madnan's Neck.

"Near the cottage on the Smith farm (afterward the Titus estate and then the property of Mme. Petrova) once stood a house of stone and brick which was torn down about fifty years ago. The bricks used in this building were imported as ship ballast and bore the date of 1640." Note: (This would seem to slightly antedate Captain Howe's venture and the squatting of our Nan. Perhaps SHE brought the bricks. SHE would). "Probably the oldest house on Great Neck to-day is the original part of the building on the farm of Mrs. L. U. Skidmore (now the residence of her daughter Mrs. Eldridge in Saddle Rock). This house is close to the mill pond on the south side and about 70 yards east of the Old Mill. This is where the original Henry Allen lived after he had bought the land from Richard Thorne in 1698. Two other very old houses on the Neck are the McBee house (on the Woolley Estate) and the building on the west side of Mitchell's Creek dating from the early 1700's. Parts of the W. R. Grace mansion are also, very ancient; this was originally the Adam Mott homestead."

"In the early history of the town, land was granted to individuals by vote of town authorities. A large part of Madnan's Neck was so granted, but as late as around 1700 there were pieces of land known as 'Common lands.' Some of these original grantees held a large acreage which later on they proceeded to sell off in smaller divisions, so that even as far back as the late 1600's there was a lively real estate business flourishing in this community. Two of the principle operators in those days were Henry Allen and Abel Smith."



Note: (So you see our revered Real Estate Board has an ancient and honorable tradition to live up to inasmuch as this land has never been other than the apple of the estates agent's eye, down through all our history.)



"That portion of Madnan's Neck lying north of a line drawn from the west end of Beach Rd. and running easterly to Cow Bay—(Manhasset) according to an ancient map, was divided into the following portions:

1st Division, 2nd Division, 3rd Division, Jackson's Division and Haviland's Land; Haviland's Land was all of that lying north of the Ballantine estate and a continuation of this line in an easterly direction to the mouth of "Mill River" (afterwards "Red Brook" and now Mitchell's Creek.) A deed dated 1672 shows that William Haviland was in possession from that date until, at least 1697 when another deed records the sale of "200 acres" including one half of Mill River Creek, at Haviland's for the sum of 700 pounds, sterling." (Note: Probably to some Allen or other!) In 1757 all this land, including the point, was again sold, this time to Jos. L. Hewlitt and is shown on old charts thereafter as "Hewlett's Point."

"Then after Mr. John A. King bought some land on the extreme point, this section gradually came to be called, as it is today, 'King's Point.' Jackson's Division included Elm Point, Grenwolde and the former Gilbert property now the estate of Harry F. Sinclair.

"2nd Division ran from this parcel east to 'The Great Swamp' and then south and west to 'The Mill Dam.' 3rd Division contained the old Jagger, Roesler and Harriet Smith estates and land on the other side of Red Brook Rd. owned by Wm. Quinn, Morgan Grace, Dr. Eden, etc."

Note: This Red Brook Rd. was once known as "Bog Meadow Rd." and in the year 1711 when the great Henry Allen was chosen "Keeper of the Gates & Fences" (a top-flight job in those days)—he had gates hung on this thoroughfare to keep cattle and such from straying into this one "wet spot" of the village. This same Henry must have been our town's first "Booster". He certainly "boomed" the land as we shall subsequently see.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### *The Smiths, the Allens and the Motts.*

AND now, just to run our annals swiftly over a century or so, there would seem to be no more expedient method—certainly none more interesting and informative—than to dig into the “Towne Records” and quote for you the choicest tid-bits of our honorable history as documented therein:

F'rinstance!:—under date of “May ye 2d Anno 1654. stilo novo.

*It is ordered that all Ye Inhabitants that hath any righte in Ye Neck shall sufficiently make up Eyther his or their proportion of fence at or before the 15th day of May next And every person that is founde Negligent in so doing shall pay for every rod defective two shillings and six-pence”.*

—and a lot more in that archaic style. And listen to this one dated “May 1659

*It is ordered that John Smith (rock) is lycensed by general vote to keepe an ordenary and is allowed to sell meat and drink and lodging for strangers w'th theire retinew; both for horse and man—and is to keep such good order that it may not be offensive unto the Lawes of God & this place.”*

Well! Times have not so greatly changed in nearly three hundred years at that—isn't this still pretty much the same code that our merchants and eh—publicans go by today? (That “Rock” after John Smith, by the way, is no aspersion—there were many Smith families on the island and to differentiate between them they were labeled with some characteristic of their own or their land: Thus there were the “Bull” Smiths, the “Tangier” Smiths, the “Nant” Smiths and the “Blue Smiths” (the “Al” or “Fish” Smiths were unknown in these parts—being confined to Fulton Market and the sidewalks of New York, apparently). And here's a little item that should give our secure citizens of nowadays a thrill. It is dated: “May 19 1663

*Any inhabitant of this towne that shall kill a wolf or wolves within 4 miles of ye townes shall have twenty shillings paid him in corn”*

And here's a honey; dated even earlier:

*Feb. 25 1661. No person shall give or sell any dogs to the Indians”*

This was perhaps the beginnings of our S. P. C. A. and “Be-kind-to-dumb-animals week” for, repugnant, as it would now seem, the Injuns relished nothing quite so much at their tribal feasts as a nice canine ragout. “Hot Dog!”

And how's this for one: dated, “15 of Jenewary 1662.

*At ye towne meting was agreed by the mager votes that ye towne will satisfie the doctor coper for the cuer he did for goodey bats of our towne which is thre pound and her diat while at oyster bay which is five and thirty shilins:”*

Wonder did our neighbor “Goodey” have “bats” in her belfrey due to a new year's celebration? And what was so “cuerative” about Oyster Bay at that time that good old Doc Coper should have sent her there for the “diat”.

John Wooley sells land on "Matthew Garrison's and Madnan's Neck." Later on, "May 27 1667 John Willy sold a bull to Thomas ffezie". (This John Wooley and his progeny later established the Wooley farm and lived in the house at Wooley's Lane and Middle Neck Road now the Mrs. J. C. Andrews property. And Matthew Garrison's Neck is now that jut of soil extending a few yards into the bay to our westward, sometimes known as "Mattygarret's and now as "Little Neck.")

Here is another quaint and early mention of a nearby landmark dated:  
"July 12, 1677.

*It is hereby voted to build a meeting house at Suckess Pond (Lake Success to you—and Eddie Cantor!) "said meeting house to be 40 foot long, 26 foot wide and 12 foot studs betwixt joyns."*

And now—look out! Here come the Allens—with a capital A. For in Great Neck property transfers through a century or so, this far-seeing clan led not only the alphabetical order,—they headed the parade of astute buyers of the best land values on our island:

Stop! Look and listen: March 31. 1664

Sam'l Allen is to keep the west herd of cows at Madnan's Neck.

Oct. 2 1665 Sam'l Allen buys a piece of land from Jos. Genens.

Oct. 11 1666 Sam'l Allen buys land in Madnan's Neck from John Willy (Wooley)

Dec. 22 1668 Sam'l Allen has a law suit, (Oh Ho! Sam! Watch your step and a Merry Xmas!)

This is the last we hear of this first recorded Allen however, as from now on "Henery" (so spelled in old records) heads the house and was he a top-notch trader!

Jan. 8. 1692 Henry Allen buys from his brother Samuel a piece of land on Madnan's Neck.

Dec. 22. 1698 Henry Allen buys land on Madnan's Neck, from Richard Thorne on which to build a grist mill.

Note: (by Mr. G. L. Whittle) Three generations of Allens ran this mill—In fact it was known as Allen's Mill until the Udall's came to town in 1835.

But for some reason not made clear the mill was not erected until 1710. "Henery" went right on buying right and left, living graciously in a delightful house near where the old mill now stands at our favorite skating pond in Saddle rock. Here's more evidence of his ever mounting perspicacity.

Jun. 12, 1700 Henry Allen gets more land near his own.

Apr. 21, 1705 Henry Allen buys land from David Jeycocks.

May. 3, 1705 Henry Allen buys land from Thomas Rushmore

Apr. 1, 1706 Henry Allen buys 15 acres from Richard and Thomas Ellison in Madnan's

May 11, 1706 Henry Allen buys 21 acres 1/2 acres from John Comes for 40 pounds on the Neck.

Apr. 1, 1708 At a town meeting Henry Allen was chosen surveyor of highways and fence viewre.

Ah! there, Henery. You certainly knew sterling real estate when you viewed it—and wasn't April Fools your lucky day? (We didn't notice any of your many transactions recorded on a Friday the 13th, however.) But here's a tip off on what H. A. thought of our neighboring neck to the northeast.

Apr. 1, 1709 Henry Allen SELLS (Note: he SELLS!) land at head of Cow Neck to Jno. Rushmore.

Feb. 22, 1710 Henry Allen BUYS 46 acres of land on Madnan's Neck from John Rushmore.

"Some swap" hey! Boss?

Jan. 23, 1710 Sales of several pieces of land to Henry Allen on Madnan's Neck confirmed.

Apr. 4, 1710 Henry Allen buys from John Carman 10 acres on North Side for 8 pounds.

Apr. 4, 1710 Henry Allen buys from Thomas Gildersleve two 10 acre plots for 20 pounds.

May 9, 1711 Henry Allen buys from Abel Smith 33 acres on Madnan's Neck for 4 pounds.

May 22, 1711 Henry Allen buys from Rob't Hubbs 51 acres on Madnan's Neck for 300 pounds.

Hum! Quite a difference in price in those last two. Land must have boomed overnight.

May 6, 1713 Released to Henry Allen by Thomas Hicks, John Jackson and John Treadwell, Town Trustees 24 acres on Madnan's Neck.

And that apparently was the last deal of King Henry, the 1st of Madnan's—but he did hand down his crown and sceptre in truly regal fashion to his son—another right royal real estater: Carry on!

Apr. 16, 1733 Henry Allen No. 2. and Pheobe (Williams) his wife sell out their rights of inheritance to the estate of the late Henry No. 1. for the sum of 1000 pounds.

But notice that on the very same date this other entry in Ye Olde Towne Records:—

Apr. 16, 1733 Henry Allen No. 2 buys 270 acres of land from Abel Smith and Deborah, his wf. on Madnan's Neck for 1650 pounds. Bounded on the N. by Geo. Hewlett and Daniel Kissam, East by Hewlett, Jos. Williams and Rob't Mitchell. South by Allens. West by the Bay.

This Henry No. 2 sure started off with a bang! And now just watch his dust!

Nov. 2, 1738 Henry Allen No. 2 is serving as a Justice of the Peace.

Apr. 6, 1742 Henry Allen No. 2 is chosen as one of the Surveyors of Highways.

May 20, 1745 Mary Allen, widow of the late Henry gives to her son Philip, one half of her interest in the homestead and mill property, mill utensils etc.

Jul. 11, 1745 John and Philip Allen buy 158 acres on East side of GREAT NECK, for 1507 pounds; from Adam Mott in 3 parts.

Mr. Mott seems to have been divided like "All Gaul".



#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### *"Where there's a Will—"*

**H**ERE, now, are two classic documents that we transcribe from old, yellowed recordings of the last wills and testaments of our most illustrious fellow townsmen back there in the dim past "when men were men" and widows wept.

Under the date of: "March, Anno Dom. 1681." We reverently quote you this:

"I, ADAM MOTT, lying very weak, do declare this to be my last will and testament from this day, being through God's mercy in my right sense. I do humbly surrender and give my spirit to God which gave it to me and my body to the earth to be buried in a decent manner, that my debts that shall be made to appear shall be paid justly, the creditors so applying. I do give to my eldest son Adam Mott fifty acres of land that he is to take up and five shillings in money, to my son James I give two cows and a hollow lying by the harbor path and my Kersey west-coat and my Searsy drawers and my new Hatt; to my daughter Grace I give four great pewter platters . . . and those two hollows which lyeth on the left hand of the path, going to town from Madnan's Neck . . . said land to remain to her and her heirs forever; to my son John I do give my Lott of Meadows lying at the Wheat Neck and my hollow by the harbor path; to my son Joseph I give a hundred acres of land where he shall see good to take it up for his use which is yet untaken up, and a hollow lying by the west hollow in the Sandy Hollow. To my (son) Gersham I do give five cows; to my son Henry's three children I do give one two year old heifer. To my dear wife Elizabeth Mott, all the children I have had by her, I do give and bequeath my house and lott upon Madnan's Neck . . . ."

And much more written down, with the same quaint dignity: But here is the will of our original Henry Allen, unrecorded, but a gem serene of its kind. It is dated: November 10, 1726.

"I, Henry Allyne of Madnan's Neck in Hempstead in Queen's County being in bodily health, I leave to my wife Mary 1/3 of my movable estate, AND THE USE OF THE BEST ROOM IN MY HOUSE and the use of 1/3 of my home farm or plantation. I leave to the poor of Queen's County 50 pounds to be distributed among the poor and needy at the discretion of my executors. I leave all my lands and meadows to all my sons, BUT with no power to SELL until they are 30 years old."

Wise old Henry! . . . and also note this splendid spirit of conservation:—

"And they are to cut no timber except as necessity requires. The rest of my personal estate I leave to my daughters, and they are to live in my house till they are married. (Names are not given) I make Theodoras Van Wyck Esq. George Hewlett and William Mott, all of Madnan's Neck, my executors."

This precious document was proved on August, 19, 1728 and the witnesses were:

William Burch, Richbell Mott and Henry Underwood. And then, tragically, in a brief testament dated June 22, 1747 we come upon this note of anticlimax:

*"I, Mary Allen, widow of Henry Allen of Great Neck, being far advanced in years do leave to my eldest son Henry the sum of 5 pounds." . . .*

And mentions other bequests: to John and Philip, eldest daughter Mary, Hannah, wife of John Wooley, Alice, wife of John Clap Sarah, wife of Benj. Tredwell, Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Mott and Phebe, wife of Thomas Smith. And that's that.

## CHAPTER XV.

### *Elegy in a Country Graveyard.*

**W**HILST we are on this lachrymose subject it would seem only fitting to pay a visit—in all humility—to one of our oldest burying grounds and hat in hand stand for a while in reverent thought of our honorable dead. Our friend the astute auctioneer, and historical enthusiast, Mr. J. Edward Breuer has done just this; and kindly given us leave to print parts of an article which he wrote some time ago for the revered Great Neck News: We quote:

"One of the best sources of identifying Great Neck with its early history is the old Treadwell-Kissam-Platt and Wooley Cemetery which is located on a high bluff of the Alker Estate overlooking Manhasset Bay. It is indeed an ideal location for the resting places of our stalwart first settlers who established Great Neck. The oldest grave in this cemetery is that of Treadwell Kissam who died on April 4, 1717 when he was four days old. Major Treadwell who died on January 8, 1738, is also buried here and upon his tombstone is found the following epitaph:

*"Let all that come this loing place of mine to see,  
Consider well what it is in death's estate to be."*

Colonel Benjamin Treadwell who died in 1789 when he was 79 years of age, and his wife, Sarah, who died in the same year, lie side by side in this old resting place. The date May 3, 1845, marks probably the last burial in that cemetery. It is of Elizabeth Kissam, evidently a young child when she passed on.

*"Weep not for me, my parents dear,  
I am not dead but sleeping here.  
The debt is paid, the grave you see,  
Prepare for death and follow me."*

Almost a hundred years have passed since the last body was laid to rest in this family plot, but it is not forgotten. Time has made its marks upon the tombstones with cracks and chips, briars and saplings and like growth each year, but some descendent of these early settlers keeps watch and takes care. Each year the briars, saplings and weeds are cut away from the graves, gathered and laid aside. Surely a token of family respect after so many years."

And this would seem to be as good a place as any to get on apace with our chronicle and into the next salient period of our history; and what better method could we adopt than to again resort to Mr. Breuer's sapient article:

"From then . . . the early 1700's . . . until the time of the Revolution, the settlers of Great Neck enjoyed a quiet life. Most of their efforts were devoted to agriculture. These settlers were looked upon as aristocracy and their children played an important part in the business world of the then growing city of New York. There are no records that give a list of Great Neck settlers that fought in the Revolution. It is presumed, however, that many did, and that Colonels Treadwell and Thorne were among the leaders."

Thank you Mr. Breuer.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### *Yankee Doodle comes to Town?*

THE "Spirit of 1776" was somewhat diluted in these parts at the start of the Revolutionary War.

All the towns on Long Island were in a quandary as to whether their best interests lay with the old line Tories (those who were loyal to the English crown), or with this new fangled "Whig" party led by the rabid patriots of Boston and the Continental Congress being formed in Philadelphia by wise Dr. Franklin and his "hang-together-or-be-hung-separately" coherents.

And this thriving little village was no different from the rest in division of belligerent opinions. Formerly friendly fellow townsmen fought among themselves over the pregnant issue of "taxation without representation" and some of our best known, land owning, families were split asunder by the fervency of their divergent beliefs.

Our "Houses" divided against themselves. Brother against brother, "Tory" fathers cast off their "Whig" sons. Husbands and wives found a new notion over which to squabble. All wars have a way of leaving scars other than those inflicted by an enemy, and Great Neck was no exception to this stern rule.

There were no engagements of major importance fought in our neighborhood after the famous battle of Long Island and General Washington's masterly retreat to the mainland in the summer of 1776. But for eight long years thereafter our people suffered deep privations; especially the families of those stalwart patriots who had sacrificed all to join the ragged Continentals skirmishing elsewhere, while the arrogant English army under General Howe occupied our choicest lands and billeted hireling Hessian troops among us. Some of our finest fields and forests were laid waste to supply these troops with grain and their officers with firewood. Here is an example of a peremptory order to one of our leading citizens.

*"You are hereby ordered to preserve for the King's use 10 loads of hay, 100 bushells of wheat, oats, rye, barley, Indian corn, and all your wheat and rye straw; and not to dispose of same but by my order in writing, and you will answer to the contrary at your peril. (Signed)*

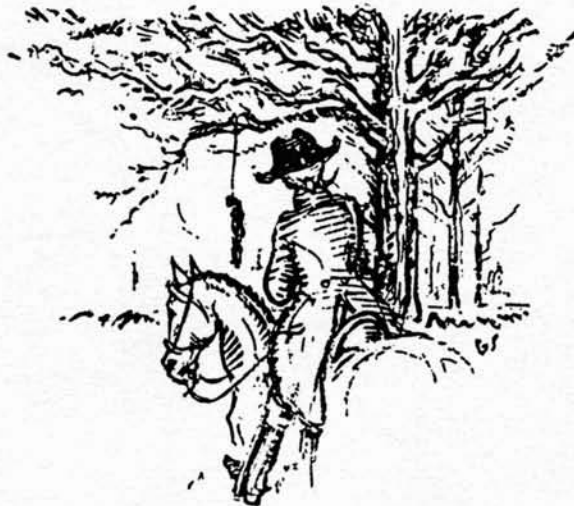
*Major John Morrison,  
Crown Commissary of Forage."*

And to add tragically to these indignities by the enemy's army of occupation, there were the mean depredations of the Tory "cowboys", who drove off and slaughtered the cattle of their Whig neighbors; and



the rapacious raids of the notorious "whaleboat" pirates (apparently just a band of ornery freebooters, much like our latter day "racketeers"), who, taking advantage of the lawlessness of the times ravaged our isolated homesteads along the water across the Sound from their base of operations on the opposite Connecticut Shore.

These vicious vandals are known to have killed many of our defenseless residents while in the act of ransacking and pillaging their farms. But there are also rumors that retaliatory measures were once taken by our embattled farmers and that at least two of these pirates were "hung by the neck until dead" upon a high tree in what is now the Great Neck Estates. (Other, word of mouth, reports have it however that these gallows tree birds were really Hessian, or British troopers gone "A. W. O. L." But be that as it may, the rumor persists and certain of our fellow citizens today will even go so far as to point out the very tree which, if their tale be true, must have been quite a super-sapling one hundred and sixty years ago.)



CHAPTER XVII

*A "SCOOP" from the past.*

*"After me cometh a Builder.  
Tell him, I too have known."*

*from "The Palace" by Rudyard Kipling.*

AND now—on the very threshold of going to press, with most of the joys—and jitters—of compiling this painfully close-cropped chronicle of Great Neck's ancient history behind us, comes a clarion call from our honorable past. For certain of our (good) scouts have just reported to Ye Ed that an important "find" has been unearthed over in Saddle Rock.

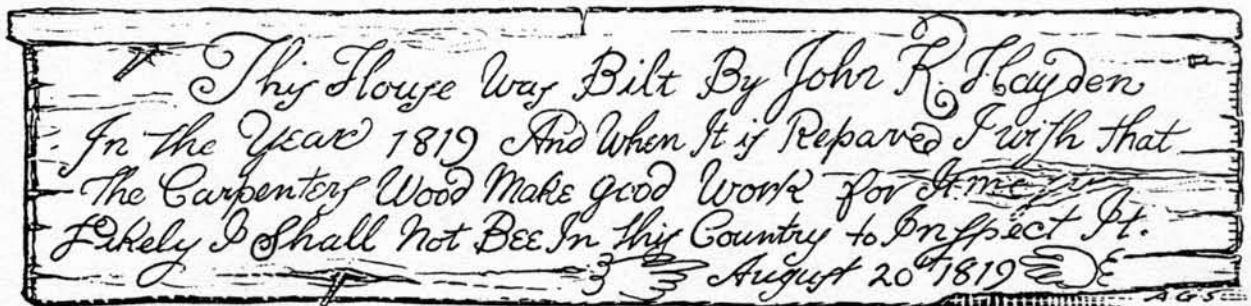
This "stop press" news is to us, of course, just as though a new "King Tut" tomb had been discovered in our own back yard.

So here, for the first time on any page, we write down for your edification our exclusive story.

"FLASH!" It seems that while refurbishing the old Allen manse, abaft the Mill Pond on the ancestral Allen-Udall-Skidmore-Eldridge acreage, certain ancient writings have come to light that have been hidden from the eye of man since that day a century and seventeen years ago when a careful artisan first set them down in the pride of achievement.

Through the kindly offices of the present generation of genial carpenters, we are now enabled to transcribe verbatim not only the actual wording of this ghostly "hand-writing on the wall" but also the quaint spelling used by that proud craftsman of the year 1819 A.D.

*The actual timber is before us as we write:* ON THE INNER SIDE OF A HAND-HEWN BASE BOARD, NINE INCHES HIGH BY FORTY-ONE INCHES LONG AND AN INCH AND A QUARTER THICK, FITTED AND FIRMLY AFFIXED TO THE WAINSCOTING OF THE "LEANTO" WITH FOUR HAND-MADE "HORSESHOE" NAILS appears this pleading—and prophetic—admonition to generations of builders yet unborn.



*Transcription: This House Was Bilt by John K. Hayden In the Year 1819 And When It is Repared I Wish that The Carpenters Wood Make Good Work for It Mest (most or might) Likely I Shall Not Bee In This Country to Inspect It.*

*August 20 1819*

All this is written (as you may perhaps be able to decipher from our own crude cut) with a brave flourish of beautiful—if archaic—penmanship. Some sort of indelible pencil was used, probably the conventional black lead at that far off time, but either the long years in the darkness or the sudden exposure to the dazzling radiance of our New (Deal) Day has made it now a rusty red. Surely the rugged individualist builders of that year of grace—and the administration of President James Monroe—(was he not a Republican?) had no use for RED ink. That surely is only for the debit (or Democratic) side of the ledger—and remember, Gentle Reader; “them was the good old (hoss and buggy) days!” But can you not picture him, this honest handicraftsman of the hardy Hayden clan as he straightened his brawny back after fitting in the last board of a job well done:

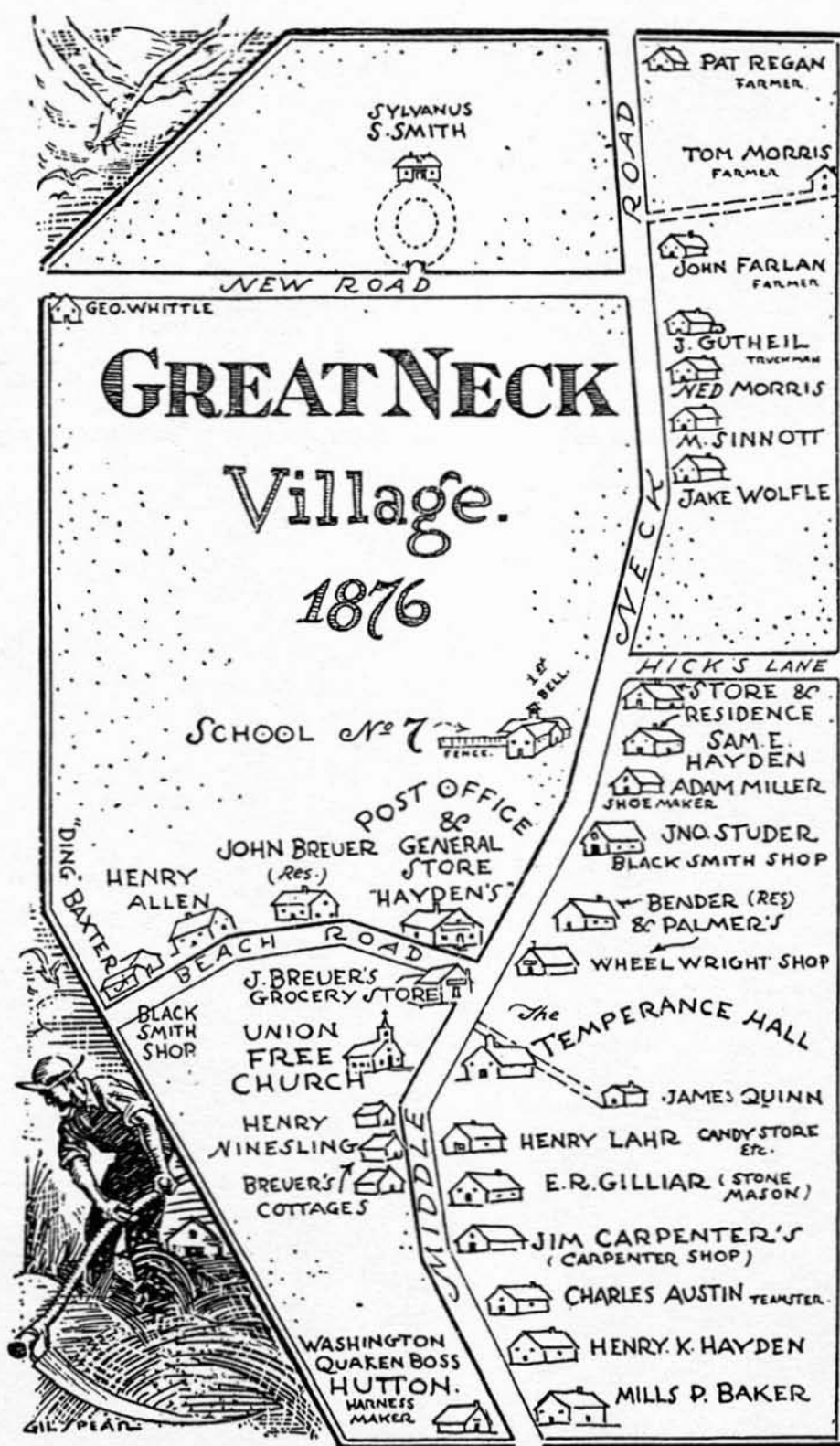
Down by the pond, the mill—even then a century old)—must have been drowsily droning its age-old sing-song saga: “*Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.*” The bay beyond would have lain a placid sheet of molten gold in the summer afternoon haze, perhaps a trig clipper ship or two rode at anchor in “Mattygarret’s” sheltered cove hard by. Certainly the peace that passeth all understanding must have pervaded our good ground then—and the gray gull wheeled shoreward in the sunset sky as John, the carpenter, decided to call it a day.

With the last piece of timber planed and mortised there before him on the sawbuck, the crisp curls of pungent shavings on the new laid flooring at his feet proud old J.K. must have felt an irresistible urge to indite a dedication to all those creative craftsmen to come; to the future generations of appreciators of peace and perfection. He must have known in his heart that the real BUILDERS OF GREAT NECK still some decades away were destined to carry on his good work.

“Good Work” that was the theme song that the mill had been chanting all along—reechoed in his subconscious mind: Why not tell all those on-coming co-workers in his careful cult his innermost thoughts—and fears.

For a long moment he chewed on his broad marking pencil and then with an inspired smile of supreme faith in a happy continuance of his peninsula’s prosperity he wrote in a bold script: “*MAKE GOOD WORK—*” and left the rest to posterity.

Johnny K. (like Johnny Peel of the old hunting song) “is far, far away” and as he foretold “*Shall Not Bee In this Country to Inspect it.*” (God rest his industrious soul.) But the hoary-headed gull still lives on and as he wends his eternal way above and about his peninsular paradise in a glorious new dawn, all you present day members of the Matinicoke tribe of old Paumanache’s peaceful island eden, can hear—and we fervently hope—heed his clarion cry: “*CARRY ON!*”



As we were—  
before the actors  
and the million-  
aires, came.

The real back-  
bone of any  
prosperous com-  
munity has al-  
ways been —  
and ever will be  
— the artisan,  
the willing  
worker for the  
common good,  
many of whom  
achieve success  
but all of whom  
win the reward  
of happiness  
and the undy-  
ing respect of  
their fellow  
townsmen.



## DOWN MEMORY LANE

With George L. Whittle.

(Mr. Whittle was born and raised "right here in Great Neck" and while not yet our oldest inhabitant he is among the most distinguished as to unbroken lineage in the traditional geneology of the "founding fathers" of our community. Being a lineal descendant of the mighty Allen and Onderdonck families, he was at birth related to "practically everybody on the peninsula." He is a carpenter, by trade, an historian and geneologist by inclination. His recollections of our honorable past are keen, "salty" and priceless for our purpose.—The Editors)

Seated in the office of THE BOOK OF GREAT NECK, Mr. Whittle rose graciously to our bait on the first cast:

"Just how did this part of town look as you first remember it?" (we were referring to the NEW village created by the coming of the railroad, of course.) "Well! Let's see", said G. L. W. "As I first remember it—there were just a few little old farm houses to be seen if you stood where Middle Neck Road crossed the tracks of the Flushing and North Side R. R. Facing north up the road you would have the old ticket, freight and express office combined, and on the right was the Daniel (Toffey) Smith farm with its old house, barn, cow yard and pig sty set in an orchard. Then back of here (here, being the Grace Building and the '5 & 10') was the low, white farm building then occupied by Sam Jackson, a horse breeder and trainer. Walking north from there on the side path of the road (there were no sidewalks) you would see nothing but open fields with a row of fine locust trees on the side of the high bank along the rail fence. (No Grace Avenue, Elm St. or Maple Drive, then.) The next house you would come to would be the Henry Ditmas farm opposite Thorne's Lane (now Cedar Drive).

This house was owned, I believe, by Will Allen, a son of Hiram. There were no houses on the west side of the road from the railroad to Thorne's Lane." (It's the most populous stretch in all the town right now!) "Yes, but we got along pretty well without chain stores, (Oh! yeah! I) Movies, (page Arnold Childhouse!) and drugs, dresses and delicatessens in those days. (What! no B & B?) On the east side from the tracks up to opposite Thorne's Lane was the property of Elijah Allen and on the other side was that of Richard Eugene Thorne which ran down the lane all the way to Little Neck Bay where the old Thorne house sat on a side hill near the water. (Dick Thorne's mother was an Allen and her mother was a Thorne.)

On the north side of the lane, near Middle Neck Road stood a very old shack occupied by Jacob Schallenberger who drove a hack, ploughed and did garden labor. On the right, or east side of the road, you would see the Harper farm, once owned by Abram Schenck, who died in 1825. The old Schenck home stood just south of where Kensington begins now, (the Finlay-Dowsey house now stands there).

North of this old house Harper's Lane branched off Middle Road and ran all the way over to East Shore Drive (here Beverly Road now runs). North of the lane was a big apple orchard that extended up to the land of Richard Allen, whose house still stands on the top of the hill. (There was a post and rail fence between the orchard and the road—I know, because I caught my breeches on it many times.) On the west side of Middle Neck was farm land running up to the property of John Chester, whose house stood on the hill back of where the Kenwood apartments stand now. From there on to a little, very old house on the top of the hill opposite Ed Allen's gate was all open fields. I used to play with the three children who lived in the little old house their names were John, James and Sarah Carey. From Carey's, on the west side of the road to where the line of the incorporated village now starts was the property of John Ryan who had two sons, Tom and Vincent. The house is still there, as is a small house near the road where Mrs. Edgett, who was

(continued on page 113)

## "THE NEWPORT OF THE SOUND"

by

EMILY ROBBINS CHILDS

"**T**HAT", said Frank Dickerson, "is Great Neck." We were leaving the East River and passing the forts. I looked across the Sound and saw a very green point of land running out into very blue water. It was the first day of June, nature was at her best. I thought I had never seen so lovely a spot as Great Neck. What is more, I think the same today. In all the world that I have seen before or since I have found no other place so much to my liking.

New York, my home at that time, was still a charming city, built mainly of brownstone, though the magnificence of the end of the nineteenth century was beginning to appear in its newest buildings. Our home was in East Sixty-eighth Street, close to Central Park, which was then a beauty spot, giving an impression of unlimited extent by its walls of great trees which hid the low buildings of the city.

When Mr. Dickerson showed me Great Neck we were on the "Idlewild." Father and Mother with my little brother were driving out from town, while we four other children of various sizes, the many maids of those days (all Irish), also the coachman's wife and family, were filling the boat more or less. Early that morning Guthel's two moving wagons had arrived at the city house to move the baggage. We had taken the Madison Avenue car to Thirty-fourth Street, transferred to the crosstown car then at First Avenue, walked to Thirty-first Street, passing at the corner Mr. Roeslert's cigar factory as we walked to the dock where we waited for the Idlewild to come up from Peck Slip, bringing the down town people. In after years I waited there many times, always hearing the candy man as he peddled lemon drops, announcing "a handsome prize in every package."

"Poor Tom" as we called him, also sold bananas, and announced the arrival and departure of the boat, ending up his list of the places she was going, with the warning "Now don't get off at the wrong place and then blame me."

The sail up the East River was beautiful. We passed first Blackwell's Island where Mr. Dickerson pointed us out the cell formerly occupied by Boss Tweed. They had tried to make him as comfortable as possible in his prison by throwing two cells together and cutting a larger window.



After the Island came Astoria which was still a most beautiful suburb, though it was whispered it was running down. There was a succession of great houses set back in their spacious well-kept lawns. In front of them ran a broad drive, supported on the water front by a stone wall. Beautiful turnouts were constantly passing along these drives. How many of you know what a turnout is? Nothing, I fear, is left of all that beauty.

The Idlewild was a sociable place. People traveling together day after day, year after year, grew to know each other well. The Idlewild was more or less like a yacht. She had a few staterooms that were rented by the season. Mr. Grace at that time Mayor of New York, had one which he always filled hospitably with his friends.

The river reached the Sound and after a little more than an hour's sail, we landed in Great Neck on the same dock which is still part of the park today. We found it filled with handsome carriages of all sorts occupied by the families of the men who were coming home from business, smartly dressed women in the lovely summer clothes of those days, light silks and organdies surmounted by the flower and feather trimmed hats, and overshadowed by gay parasols.

Some of the younger women were actually sports enough to drive their own dog carts, usually with a groom behind wearing the bright livery of those days, the coats ornamented with silver buttons, boots with white breeches, and a silk hat. The latter, I fear, rather uncomfortable for hot weather.

I learned afterwards that two families of young people had combated for years for the best place on the dock. This meant getting there earlier and earlier in the afternoon, no matter how hot the sun; but the feud continued until one family moved away.

One man always made himself obnoxious. It was his custom to wait until the boat passed in front of his place at Kings Point, then race his horses to the dock, pulling the poor beasts upon their haunches as he reached the foot of the hill while the boat waited and whistled for him and the passengers blessed him the wrong way, especially the men on their way to business.

On top of the hill was Mrs. Van Cott's, at the left, a summer hotel made from an old time white pillared mansion. It burned a summer or two after our Great Neck arrival.

To the right of the dock extended the Skidmore farm comprising Grenwolde and the adjacent estates as far as Mrs. Meyer's. Mr. White's place was they tell me, the first show place in Great Neck. There were





even then two or three places before we came to a road which ran around the mill pond passing Mr. Udall's tide mill, which still belongs to his granddaughter Mrs. Eldredge. This was on Little Neck Bay famous in New York markets for its clams. Saddle Rock well up in the bay was also known for the oysters named after it. Further along the bay running to Middle Neck Road was the Thorne farm, now Great Neck Estates, to which there had never been a title given. The original Thornes had bought their land from the Indians.

Lovely places then as now, skirted the Neck. There were about thirty perhaps, all—with one or two exceptions—on the water front.

We had taken the Hewlett place for the summer. Very much altered, it still stands on the spot where it has stood for nearly two hundred years, as its old shingles give witness.

At one time the Hewletts had owned all of what is now called Kings Point, and even in the eighties it was mainly in the hands of Hewlett heirs.

Like many of the old Long Island estates there was a long drive into the Hewlett place. It is now the entrance to the Ballantine property.

Of the big places of the eighties, I think the King (now the Church) place has changed least. The McBee place is exactly as it was, excepting that it has lost many of its acres.

Many of the Queen Anne houses of those days have been changed to Spanish, by the addition of a little stucco. Previous to that in the seventies many colonial houses had been changed to the U. S. Grant period by topping them with Mansard roofs.

Besides the country places there were prosperous farms occupied by their owners.

The village consisted of a post office, two or three general stores, a small meat market (most of us sent to New York for our meat), the very necessary blacksmiths and a few houses.

The Union Chapel was, as at present, next door to St. Aloysius, a small frame building about the size of the chapel. The school was a tiny affair on the present site of the Arrandale School. It had three teachers.

The railroad had been kept from running nearer than two miles to the village by its far seeing inhabitants who cheerfully drove the extra distance winters and summers. Do you remember what a dirt road is like in the spring? It is not so long since we parted with the old railroad station. Many of you will remember it.



The big places had beautiful parks kept up by the labor of a large number of workmen. How little they were paid! They worked ten hours and walked back and forth to their work—in some cases a two or three mile walk. We would meet them in the evening after their day of toil walking home in squads. They would tip their hats most deferentially, evidently well satisfied with their lot, which was so superior to what it had been in the old country.

Another part of Great Neck that has changed but little is Potter's Lane, even to the occupants of its houses. Potter's Lane always voted as a unit on local questions, wisely and honestly too.

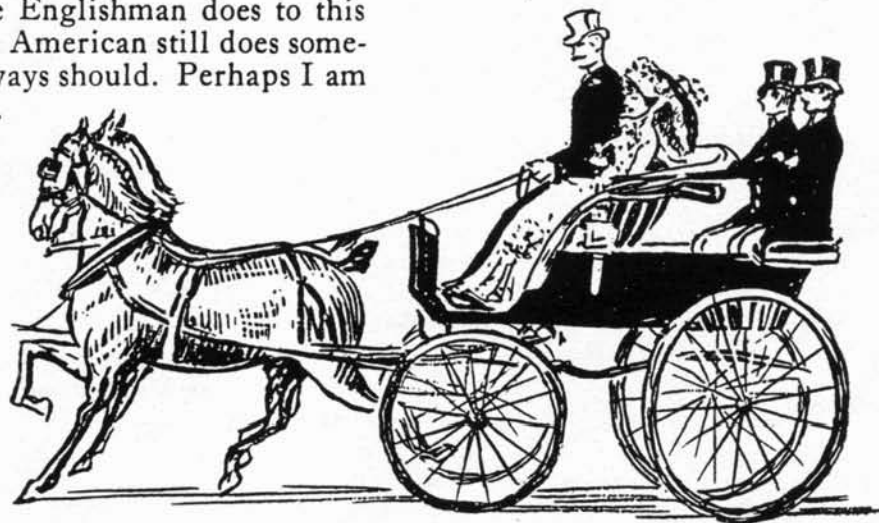
Mr. Messenger had died shortly before we came to Great Neck leaving money to build a church. Until then the Union Chapel had held Sunday school Sunday afternoons, followed by a service, alternating the Episcopal and Dutch Reform clergymen from Manhasset. People drove either to Manhasset or Little Neck for morning church. Great Neck affiliations to the Episcopal church dated from its early settlers.

In the Revolution, many of Great Neck's families were Tories. Miss Hewlett says she can see now, how it was possible for her paternal ancestors to have been Tories, but it was the mortification of her childhood.

In eighteen eighty-seven, All Saints was opened and consecrated. Miss Messenger and Mrs. Gignoux had given the land—and every one on the Neck, nearly, had given generously in addition to Mr. Messenger's bequests.

We found Great Neck had many delightful people. One lady remarked we were like a dog show made up of different specimens. Perhaps because there were so many kinds of people it made Society all the more delightful. Mr. Grace at that time was Mayor of New York. Gracefield was famous for its hospitality and its cosmopolitaners — if there is such a word.

Life at Great Neck was much like the English country life of the novels of those days. Large house parties, much entertaining of all sorts, also much formality. We all dressed for dinner, the men in evening clothes, as the Englishman does to this day and as the American still does sometimes, and always should. Perhaps I am old-fashioned.



(continued  
on page 117)

# The "BIG" Time

Follies of 1922

(Copyright by Gene Buck)

A MAMMOTH Production Glorifying Nature, Talent, Wealth, Art,  
Architecture AND Good Fellowship.

by

WILL B. JOHNSTONE

(Then of the Evening World)

(Interpolations by the Editors)

"GREAT NECK": A Suburban Review":  
or "From Chicken Coops to Castles!"

with an

★ **ALL** ★  
★ **STAR** ★  
★ **CAST** ★

*Place: Long Island —*

A magnificent peninsula of undulating hills, jutting into the Sound. Embraced by beautiful bays and—  
*almost surrounded by real estate dealers.*

*Time:*

Thirty minutes from Broadway. (by  
L.I.R.R. Express service).

*Prologue:*

Redskin wampum magnates are the first country gentlemen on the Neck. Indians get it in the neck from Dutch and English settlers in land deals. Descendants of these righteous traders establish farms on the Neck and quaint village follows: all is quiet as native clams. This is the "chicken coop" era.



Head Man of the Follies of '22  
"GENIAL GENE" BUCK

*Scene One: (The elegant eighteen eighties):* W. R. GRACE, twice Mayor of New York is the hero of this episode. Grace decides to develop the Neck. The railroad station (then the end of the line), two miles from the old village of Great Neck, is named Thomaston in honor of Grace's wife who was born in Thomaston, Maine. Grace establishes a 200-acre estate; "Gracefield", as a private residence. He also opens up 150-acre tract of land near the station, building ten houses to accommodate engineers and conductors at the Thomaston terminus of the railroad. Lots, 50 x 100, selling for \$500. BUT! There is no water, light, gas or concrete highways. Only farm land and dirt roads.



"Demon Dick" Kehoe  
(20 years ago)

*Enter chorus:* RICHARD KEHOE, real estate dealer extraordinary of W. R. Grace & Co., in a confidential capacity. Kehoe begins selling Grace property (in which business he is still). ROSWELL ELDRIDGE, president of the Great Neck Bank and vice-president of the Nassau Bank in N. Y. C., a public spirited citizen. GEORGE HEWLETT, gentleman farmer, and the SKIDMORES realize the waterfront possibilities of Great Neck. JOHN C. BAKER, banker and consistent worker for civic improvement, especially for better schools, though not always on the same side as Mr. Eldridge.

(Roll the drums.—Strike up the band!)

*Enter, THE STAR!* LILLIAN RUSSELL was the first of the stage folks to come to Great Neck. She rented the Jos. B. Hill estate, (later owned by Herbert Bayard Swope), in 1896. (*Curtain: Scene 1.*)

*Scene Two: (The naughty nineties):* WM. G. BROKAW puts the GREAT in Great Neck. He establishes a lordly estate overlooking Udall's Mill pond. Builds a private racetrack for his blooded horses, holds races and invites the town to partake of his hospitality. BROKAW opens a private theatre, (in Allen's old barn), also a polo field. In other words, he starts the hegira of wealth, fashion and goodfellowship out of New York into Great Neck, *where it abides today.* (Ta-ta ta Tah ta TAH!) (*Curtain Sc. 2.*)



*Washington's Headquarters  
(Washington Van Nostrand's Farm House)*

*Scene Three: Tableau:*  
Standing off a lane on Elm Point's old New Road (now Steamboat Road)—stands an ancient farm house, over two hundred years old. It was owned by WASHINGTON VAN NOSTRAND.

Great Neck should preserve the old house, because if GEORGE WASHINGTON didn't sleep there during the Battle of Long Island, "Washington" sleeps there now.

*Scene Four: The Twentieth Century.* Great Neck is a crazy quilt of incorporated villages. "THE ESTATES", a 450 acre development, containing 150 homes, (as of 1922) costing \$25,000 up. Part of the Estate is the Sound View Golf Club, an 18 hole course with 350 members (1922).

"KENSINGTON" with the Estates, forms a highly cultivated strip that collars the Neck. Kensington is said to be the finest development in the East, with 135 acres and 125 homes costing \$35,000 and up. There is room left for only 100 more houses, plots selling eight weeks in advance (as of 1922—and up).



*Washington Van Nostrand*

"SADDLE ROCK" is the Eldridge "private village," adjoining the Estates.

The "Old Village" has been incorporated but Great Neck Hills, Great Neck Villa and the Grace estate are unincorporated developments, though none the less exclusive.

And now we come to Great Neck's "ALL STAR CAST" and "Aristocracy of Talent." Nowhere in America, probably, are there so many widely known celebrities as are located here. *To live in Great Neck is synonymous to being a national success!* (Ask EDDIE CANTOR).





*The Immortal Ring Lardner*

In Kensington you will find such Broadway notables as ED WYNNE, DONALD BRIAN, JOSEPH SANTLEY and his wife, IVY SAWYER, FRANCIS X. HOPE, JIM BARTON, EARL BENHAM (ex-actor, now a swagger tailor.) FLORENCE MOORE is a Kensington early settler. Broadway literati here include GUY BOLTON and P. G. WODEHOUSE, authors of "Oh Boy", "Very Good Eddie", "Oh Lady Lady" etc.

RING LARDNER, our foremost humorist, looks out on Manhasset Bay, writing English as spoken by graduates of Mutt and Jefferson University. HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, journalistic meteor of old Park Row lives next door to Ring.

CHARLES E. FINLAY of the Finlay-Rickert Co., laid out Kensington and provided tennis courts, a club house and swimming pool besides the park. Finlay is treasurer of the Lotus Club, in New York City, and President of Aetna Bank of N. Y.

Last but not least, GENE BUCK, who is to FLO ZIEGFELD what MARSHAL NEY was to NAPOLEON, is the PETER PAN of this Kingdom of Kensington. Buck used to buck the line on the Detroit U. football team, came to New York as an artist and following his own philosophy of "Don't Kid Yourself," decided he was no C. D. GIBSON, —turned author and has written eleven Ziegfeld Follies and seventeen Midnight Frolics. Gene kicked off in 1910 with the songs, "Daddy Has a Sweetheart and Mother is Her Name" and "Some Boy", reaching the heights with "Hello Frisco" and "Tulip Time." Buck lives in the only house JOSEPH URBAN ever decorated.

Buck discovered Urban (as well as WILL ROGERS and others) and Urban spent months on the decorations in Gene's home, doing it as a wedding present. An all black dining room and an orange study have a deep psychological meaning. (It remained for RING LARDNER, however, to make the Buck menage famous by his description of its living room as "*the Yale Bowl—with lamps.*") Buck staged the "Great Neck Garden Party" here, on a sixty-foot stage and realized ten thousand dollars,—used to equip the "VIGILANTS" volunteer fire department.

In Great Neck Estates is another list of "Who's Who", featuring

FRANK CRAVEN, ERNEST TRUEX, OSCAR SHAW, juvenile SARAZEN of the links who shoots in the low 80's and JACK HAZZARD, the beloved trouper who is even funnier, if possible, on the golf course than on the stage. SCOTT FITZGERALD, the flapper laureate lives here. (He used the Booth place on King's Point as the setting for a big scene in his novel, "The Great Gatsby").

MARILYN MILLER-PICKFORD, EMMA HAIG, CREIGHTON HALE with ALBERT PARKER, JOHN ROBERTSON and ALLAN DWAN, movie directors are among those present, as is ALBERT VON TILZER, the popular song writer. (GENE BUCK used to make the cover designs for his song sheets, incidentally).

Scattered elsewhere about you will find JANE COWL, CHARLES KING and his sister, MOLLIE, BOBBY NORTH and MAX FIGMAN. The movie critic, QUINN MARTIN and LINDSAY DENISON, star journalist and soldier of fortune, are residents.

ARTHUR HOPKINS, eminent stage producer and T. A. DORGAN, the celebrated cartoonist, "TAD" are pointed out by the other



"Our Janine"



Grand Old George M.  
(Himself)  
(Not a Motion Picture)

good fellows here who take pride in their gifted townsmen.

But that's not the half of it! Oh, my no!  
(Music cue: "Give my regards to Broadway").

Enter: GEORGE M. COHAN, grand old George, himself, has a grand old estate on grand old King's Point, overlooking the grand old Sound and yes, George has a grand old flagpole on his spacious grounds where the grand old rag flaps on his July 4th birthday. SAM H. HARRIS, George's former business partner, has a shore place nearby.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, "Hitchy" to everybody hereabouts, is one of the pioneers of the actor's colony and his place looks across

the Sound toward Pelham and Stepping Stone Light.

(WALTER P. CHRYSLER, "looked at all three" and later bought the JESSE LIVERMORE estate on Elm Point near the old steamboat landing where the Idlewild used to land and picnickers from New York's East Side cavorted until Roswell Eldridge converted the place into a local park with bath houses, pier and beach exclusively for Great Neckers.)

MAE MURRAY movie queen (and ex-Brinkley Girl of Ziegfeld's Follies) is here too, as is OLGA PETROVA, (whose place on the point boasts the site of the Neck's oldest house).

GEORGE FITZMAURICE, the movie director for Famous Players-Lasky lives nearby.

Among the handsome estates along the shore of Great Neck are found many notable names other than ROSWELL ELDRIDGE, who is an important person here, always doing something big, and is said to be either "for you strong or against you strong". He it was who presented the fine set of chimes to the All Saint's Episcopal Church. The Cowl estate is on the West Shore road and CLARKSON COWL is reputed "the best loved man in Great Neck". He is building an athletic park with two baseball diamonds, a running track and football field for the town's sportsmen. S. VERNON MANN'S old time place overlooks the Sound; here old inhabitants used to keep a light burning nightly in a window to guide mariners through the darkness. A. H. ALKER'S estate, once the Booth's, of the Ward Steamship Line stretches over a large section east of the point.

Then there are the show places of the SCOTTS, PROCTERS, LEVERINGS and FRED J. RICHARDS. J. H. BALLANTINE'S home and MRS. A. ROESSLER, a real old timer, also FRANK DICKERSON, formerly of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Co. HARRISON H. BOYCE, whose motormeters keep us out of hot water; A. E. WATTS, of the Sinclair Oil Co. and A. WINEBURG of Carbona fame. The Grenwolde select development where reside, HORACE DE SISSER, SYDNEY MARCH, TREAU BUE PITTMAN, BENJAMIN B. BRYAN (and that beloved thespian THOMAS MEIGHAN.)



"Hitchie"

(continued on page 91)



## A LOOK AHEAD

with

Arthur F. Rausch

*Being an Expression of Faith in the Future of Great Neck  
by a Progressive Member of the Real Estate Board.*

THE prophets of old, looking down from their elevated plane of advanced spiritual understanding could see the past, present and future, in other words the eternal now, and state accurately that which they saw by reason of their elevated position.

Let it be understood that I make no pretense at being such a prophet.

My humble prophecy must be arrived at through the human method of taking what seems to be facts of certainty, mixing these with reasonable possibilities and through the process of what is called logic arriving at some conclusion. Such conclusions usually either overshoot or undershoot the mark by a considerable margin, for which reason wise men do not prophesy, or if they do, certainly they do not do so in writing where their mistaken suppositions or conclusions can come back to plague them.

That I am not a wise man is a self-evident fact or I would not be telling you this. You are, therefore, properly warned, before we go on this flight of imagination, of the questionable reliability of the pilot.

We can start by saying that Great Neck is a very desirable place to live. No, that is much too modest. Let us say, Great Neck is one of the most desirable residential communities in the metropolitan area of New York. No, that is still not right. It sounds too much like a near-by community which claims to be "the smartest community in the East". If it is that, we will have to find more effective words to convey the idea of what we are. Maybe



## "A LOOK AHEAD"

we had better get at it in another way. Where is there any other community which has what we have? An elevation, in some places, sufficiently high to see both the sky line of New York and the Atlantic Ocean; a climate which makes for perfect living; access to the water on three sides; golf courses, yacht clubs, tennis courts and polo fields practically in our back yards; bathing beaches, the finest ever, providing either surf or still water bathing within a short auto ride over parkways which for beauty and useability cannot be surpassed; a community made up entirely of incorporated villages, each wisely and properly governed by owner resident officials who make sure that nothing can be built that is not architecturally right or that does not conform to restrictions set down, maintained, defended and protected by every resident; a community made up of residents who have come from all over the world because they were successful and could afford the good things to be had and were smart enough to know good things when they saw them,—professional men, merchants, manufacturers, artists, bankers and a variety of others and their wives and families, all big minded and intelligent—in other words the best of good neighbors.

Now I ask, where is there any other community that offers all of these advantages and the answer just naturally comes, "nowhere". So we can start with the fact that we have the finest residential community in the world.

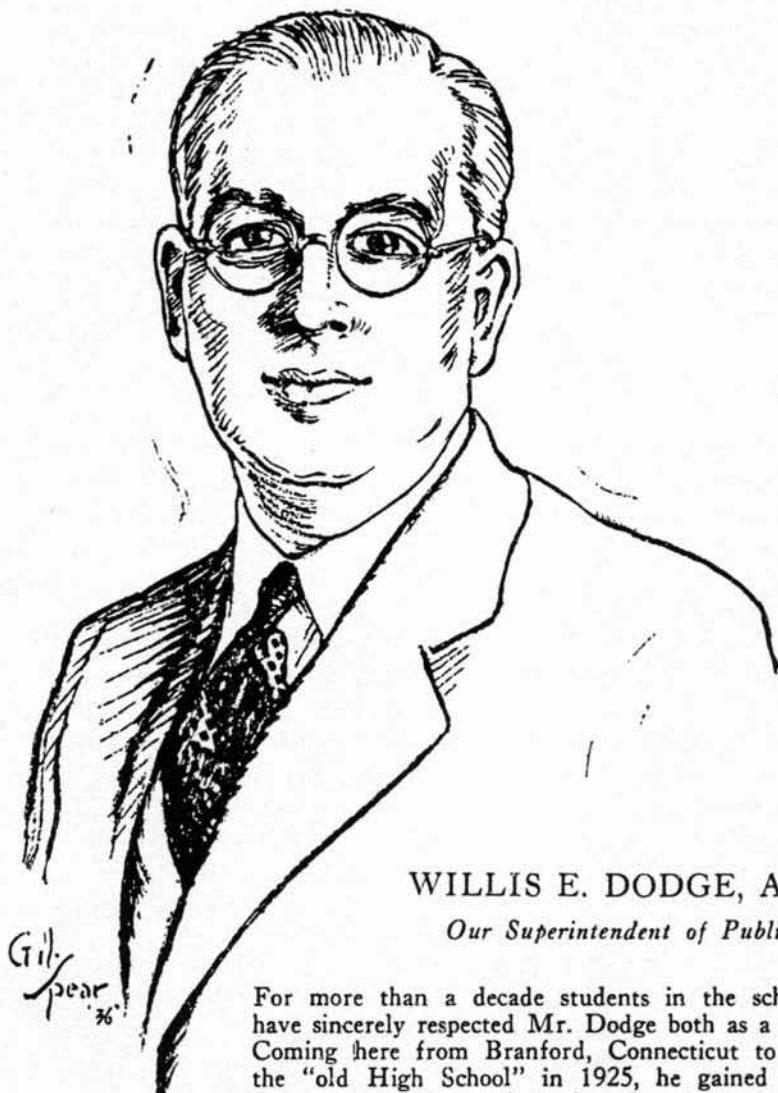
Just as "the music goes 'round and 'round", so does good news usually travel 'round. After all, we are only a hop, skip and jump from the seething, crowded boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Kings, Queens and the Bronx, not considering the rest of the world. So today millions of good people living in these crowded sections, who know of Great Neck, are marking time waiting to come to our community just as soon as the new homes, which are now being planned and financed, can be completed for occupancy.

In anticipation of this they are paving the way for their friends and relations to follow them by preparing roads, bridges and tunnels, in ever increasing number, to our very door. Manhattan and the Bronx are coming out through the Tri-Borough Bridge and the Thirty-eighth Street Tunnel; Brooklyn through the Interstate Parkway, and Astoria and Queens through the new Astoria Boulevard, Northern State Parkway and Nassau Boulevard.

With the World's Fair only a short time off located just down the street, and sure to acquaint all the world with our advantages, we cannot help but become the fastest growing village in the fastest growing county of the United States.

Now the question naturally arises, where are we going to put these new folks when they arrive? We, who live here, being good neighbors, have hesitated to go down to Kings Point in search of an outlet for our growing population. In fact even a bathing beach for our perspiring population, a gift of one of our neighbors, was not accepted in order to insure the quiet dignity and peace of the magnificent homes on our very desirable waterfront estates in Kings Point.

*(continued on page 81)*



WILLIS E. DODGE, A.B., M.A.

*Our Superintendent of Public Schools*

For more than a decade students in the schools of Great Neck have sincerely respected Mr. Dodge both as a mentor and a friend. Coming here from Branford, Connecticut to become principal of the "old High School" in 1925, he gained the affection of the entire community, so that when the new and spacious building was opened on Polo Road in 1929 he was unanimously selected to head the entire Great Neck School System. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Bowdoin, his Master of Arts degree from Bates, attended the graduate schools at Yale, Columbia and New York University. He was instructor of modern languages in the Hartford Public Schools, Master of that branch of study at Worcester Academy and principal of the Princeton High School in Maine. He was instructor of Greek at Bowdoin, his alma mater. All Great Neck is justly proud of the scholarly and administrative abilities of its genial Superintendent of Schools.

# PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF GREAT NECK

by

WILLIS E. DODGE

*Superintendent of Schools*

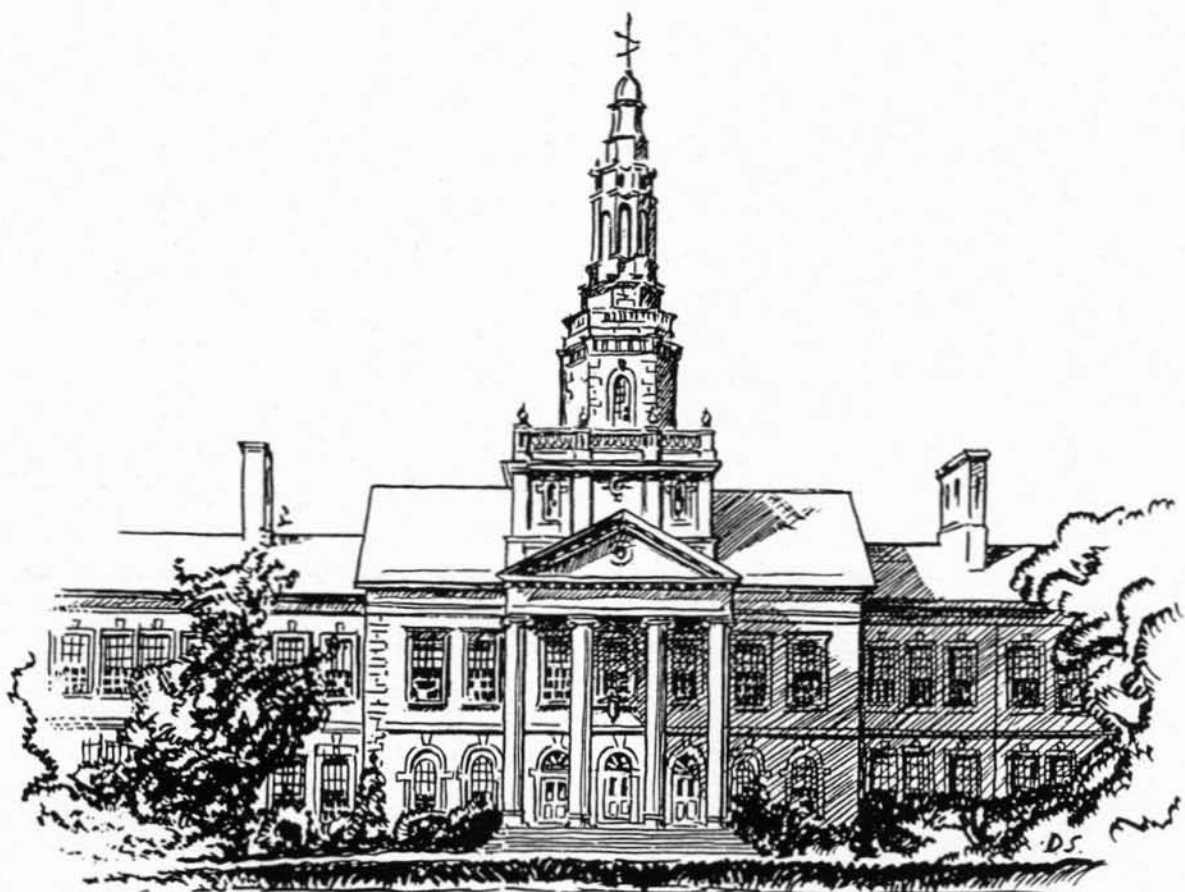
**P**ROBABLY the public schools of America constitute the greatest single enterprise in which the republic engages, — in personnel, greatest in service, greatest in contribution to the preservation of the state. In our own community the schools touch the lives of every boy, every girl, and every adult — directly or indirectly. Behind an enterprise so extensive and one that exerts that universal influence there must be a belief, a conviction, a philosophy that motivates and governs, that guides and limits all procedure and all effort expended. And behind the Great Neck Public Schools are definite aims and ideals and purposes for the children who pass through them—principles that are the basis for all school policy in our community. Briefly stated those purposes are:

(1) The forming of character. We believe that knowledge of fact and principle, skill in manipulation of the tools of learning and keenness of intellect are all useless unless they go hand in hand with a character that is staunch and true. All of our teaching has as its primary aim the building and strengthening of the old-time virtues of honesty, reliability, and respect for things that are worthy.

(2) The teaching of skills not only in the fundamental processes but in the cultures that go to enrich life. Much of our teaching is for appreciation and understanding of the treasures that cannot be measured and counted, but that are after all, the real and lasting possessions. Time, too, is given to the teaching of skills in games, hobbies and recreations to the end that leisure time may be spent profitably and worthily.

(3) The making of citizens who will be interested in and aware of the principles of democratic government and who will have a knowledge and appreciation of the ideals that have been back of all governments since men first began to live together.

Generally speaking, the schools in Great Neck aim to develop for the community good citizens,—men and women skilled in various lines of endeavor, and “able to stand erect by themselves, not needing to be kept erect by others”.



Entrance to Great Neck High School

## A CENTURY AND A QUARTER OF PROGRESS

**F**REE education in Great Neck was formally organized on April 28, 1813 when, at a town meeting, a Superintendent and Commissioners and Inspectors of Common Schools were appointed. The first school house was built near Woolley's Brook, and after a few years,—a second building was erected across from the Village Green. This building was destroyed by fire and a third school constructed on the corner of Fairview Avenue and Middle Neck Road. Finally, in 1869 the present site of the Arrandale School was chosen and a school erected. In 1898 this building was doubled in size. The following table shows the development in buildings since that time:

<i>Frame School House (known as School No. 2) erected on Kensington Site .....</i>	<i>1905</i>	<i>First addition to Kensington School erected and frame building torn down .....</i>	<i>1926</i>
<i>High School, Arrandale Avenue, erected .....</i>	<i>1913</i>	<i>Lakeville School erected .....</i>	<i>1928</i>
<i>Arrandale School destroyed by fire and rebuilt .....</i>	<i>1921</i>	<i>High School, Polo Road, erected.....</i>	<i>1929</i>
<i>Kensington School erected .....</i>	<i>1921</i>	<i>Kensington School Addition No. 2 erected .....</i>	<i>1931</i>
		<i>Lakeville School District annexed.....</i>	<i>1932</i>

At the present time there are 2716 pupils in the Great Neck Public Schools, which contrasts with 497 in 1912. The High School, now enrolling 1228, has almost doubled in enrollment since 1929. Kensington now has 658 pupils, Arrandale 498 and Lakeville 331—all of grades kindergarten to 6th. All buildings are modern and well equipped and the programs are flexible and in tune with the sound principles of modern education.



## GREAT NECK HIGH SCHOOL

by

LEON C. HIGH, *Principal*

**T**HE Great Neck High School came into being in 1895, in a frame building on Arrandale Avenue. In the forty succeeding years the school expanded into, and outgrew, the present brick building on the same Avenue, until it is now a six-year junior-senior school enrolling 1,225 pupils; the seventh grade of which is housed in the Arrandale building, and grades eight through twelve of which are housed in a completely modern structure surrounded by grounds which include beauty, play-fields, and a practice cottage for home making courses.

The School endeavors to secure the maximum individual development of every pupil through emphasis upon doing one's best in every appointed or chosen task, and through a wide range of opportunity in the class room and extra-curricular activity. Basic to this endeavor is a thorough Advisory Plan wherein the pupils in grades nine through eleven are assigned for a continuous period of three years in small groups, to members of the faculty as their Advisors. To make this Plan most effective, the boys are assigned to the men on the faculty, and the girls to the women. In addition, there is constant close individual contact maintained between the school and the home, that there may be cooperative effort for the benefit of the boy or girl.

In the curriculum there is adequate provision for preparation for colleges of liberal arts, or colleges of scientific nature, so effective that in the last four years graduates of the school have been admitted to over 80 of the leading institutions of higher learning, from Maine to Florida, and as far west as California. At the same time, pupils who desire it may obtain a thorough foundation for business in a commercial course, and for others there is opportunity in the general course to specialize in music, art, industrial arts, home making, or other fields in which the individual may have special interest or ability.

The extra-class activity, where a pupil-elected Student Council is encouraged to share the direction of the program, embraces outstanding health activity, so extensive that every boy and girl in school engages in some sport; a dramatics program where all pupils who wish may learn not only to act, but to handle the staging of productions, or to care for properties, make-up, etc.; a wide variety of clubs, such as science, air-craft, jewelry, etc.; and a social program, not only of dances, but of other entertainments such as a spring festival for the entire pupil body. Indeed, this part of the program is built around an opportunity for every pupil to have a rich background for the enjoyment of and profit from leisure time activity.



LEON C. HIGH, A.B., M.A.  
*Principal of Great Neck High School since 1931.  
Educated at Brown and Columbia. Member of  
Phi Beta Kappa, Kappa Delta Phi and Phi Delta  
Kappa Fraternities.*



## KENSINGTON SCHOOL

by

MARGUERITE A. JOHNSON, *Principal*

**H**OW interesting it is to compare the Kensington School of today with the school of twenty years ago!

On the site where the present building now stands there stood a two story frame building containing five rooms, in which there was an enrollment of about 150 pupils. Today there are two modern brick buildings, consisting of 28 class rooms and instead of five teachers, Kensington now has a staff of 37 and an enrollment of 650 pupils.

Let us show you through our school. Imagine that you are being met at the front door by a pupil who will conduct you to various departments of our building. Our auditorium is a beautiful room with a seating capacity of about 550. Rich stage and window draperies, and a grand piano please the eye. A moving picture machine, opaque shades, victrola, tapestries, flower vase of hand blown glass, radio, spot lights and color wheel are here for the education and enjoyment of the children. These have been purchased with money contributed by the children.

That lady you see hurrying toward the stairs is our school nurse. In the Medical Room where we will find her weighing and measuring the children, or examining pupils for indications of colds, fevers, etc., every child and teacher who has a cold or other communicable disease is immediately sent home until recovery is complete. Perhaps today she may be working with the school doctor, who gives every child in

school a physical examination; or consulting with a teacher concerning health problems in the classroom.

Your guide will introduce you to a lady in a white uniform. She is our dental hygienist. She is busy examining teeth, giving each child a prophylactic treatment and teaching dental hygiene. When school closed last spring Kensington had 91% of its entire enrollment with teeth well taken care of and in perfect condition.

Borne along the corridor is the sound of a childish treble—but it is not our language. Other voices join the first one in song. You are observing a recitation in conversational French in a fourth grade room. Enthusiasm and unusual ability reign supreme.

In our "Opportunity Class," are fifteen pupils who have found the pace set in some branches of academic work too fast. But how happy they are here—individual help over the rough spots—plenty of physical and manual activity—competing with their peers and succeeding. We believe the old adage—"Nothing succeeds like success."

One boy has requested and received permission to visit the library. You can tell by your guide's attitude that "The Library" is a "superior" place. Why, anyone could read and be happy here! Training in the use of card catalogs, encyclopedias, reference material and general conduct in the use of libraries is given every class. There are periods for pleasure reading and story telling. The library contains about four thousand volumes and has a circulation of approximately twelve thousand.

Out of the "blue" is an unearthly ringing—the patter of many hurrying feet—and you too are requested to move along rapidly but quietly and orderly out the front door to the lawn. What a relief! It was only a fire drill and Kensington School had sent forth its 650 pupils in one minute and forty-five seconds.

You must see the "Unit Work" in the class rooms. This first grade room will do. Their big topic is "Life on a Farm." From their conversation they are making their own reading material, compositions, Arithmetic, Art, Music and hand work. To supplement this they will read stories of farm life, learn rote songs, listen to records, see pictures, make cheese, butter and many other things—And "Visit a Real Farm."

This type of instruction is carried on throughout the entire school.

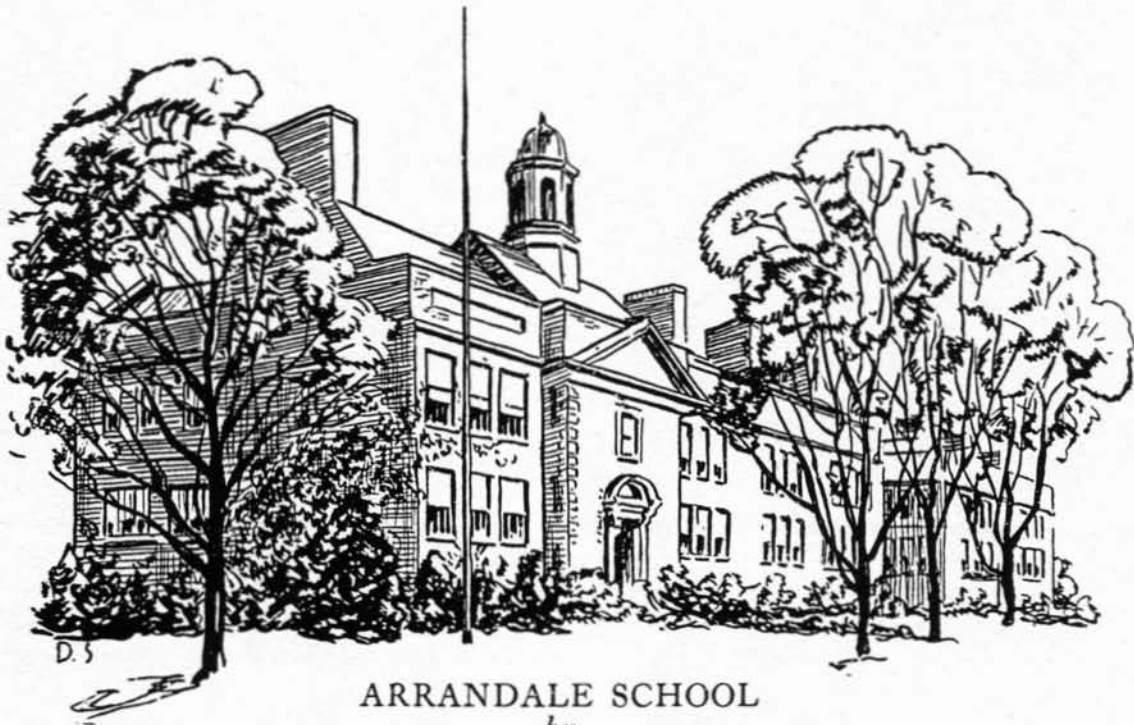
Just a peep into the gymnasium and onto the playground. This splendid, light, airy, well-ventilated room is in continuous use day and evening. Right now "corrective exercises" are being given. Curved spines, fallen arches, round shoulders, and posture cases are being given individual attention and exercise.



Miss Marguerite Johnson  
Principal

(continued on page 122)





ARRANDALE SCHOOL  
by  
LAURA HINDERLAND, *Principal*

ONCE it was possible to prophesy fairly accurately what conditions children would have to face when they reached adulthood; but we have no measuring stick with which to do that today. Obviously we must teach them how to live with others and how to think for themselves. We must lay the foundations for open and well informed minds. We must teach them how to maintain good health—mental as well as physical. We must teach appreciation for the beautiful and the true. Lastly we must develop interests to occupy their leisure hours.

Arrandale School is a place where children learn to live with others. The activity or unit type of teaching is a method which lends itself most naturally to the learning of this principle of life. The unit type means the intensive study of some topic bearing on the subject matter to be covered in the grade. The children relive the period covered by the unit, whether it be The Crusades, Colonial Life, Community Life or a Dairy Farm. The work in manual training, household arts, music and art classes is correlated with the units whenever possible. In this way the children's appreciation of what the past has to offer is ever so much greater than it could possibly be by reading and class discussion alone.

In our health teaching today, preventive medicine, or how to maintain good health, is stressed. Children are taught to live useful and healthful lives. This teaching is done incidentally by the class teachers, the school nurse and the dental hygienist. It includes cleanliness, balanced diet (with practice in choosing food combinations in the cafeteria), how to avoid colds and how to keep them from spreading, how



to keep contagious diseases from spreading, and the care of the teeth. Children are encouraged to take part in athletics for pure enjoyment as well as for physical and mental balance.

In teaching Geography, an attempt has been made to vitalize the subject for the boys and girls. In the presentation of a new region, the physical map is studied before any text book on the subject has been read. They learn the topography of the country, the approximate climate, whether or not it would be likely to be thickly populated, the probable occupations and industries, commerce etc. After this books are consulted and the class verifies its deductions. They no longer learn just facts, but also how these geographic facts have affected man. They learn the interdependence of one country upon another and one section of the country upon the other. Geography *means* something to children today. History is taught in the same way. In every subject an attempt is made to have the children reason out problems for themselves, no matter how small the problems may be. Children must be taught How to Think.

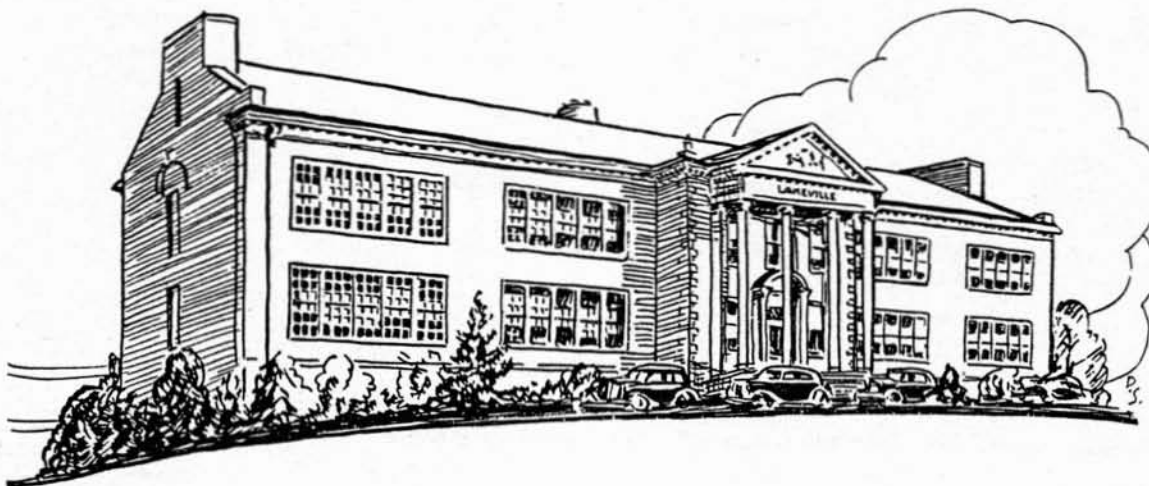


MISS LAURA HINDERLAND  
*Principal*

There has been a great change in the teaching of English. In teaching composition, some such interesting topic as "Honesty" would be assigned to a fifth grade class, and they were told to write. We all have memories of the poor youngsters chewing their pencils and handing in a paper with about three drab sentences poorly punctuated. Now the child is asked to find all he can about some topic in which he is vitally interested. He then organizes his information so he can make a report to his classmates. He may tell his story to his parents at home. By this time he is so familiar with his report that when he is asked to write it, he doesn't have to think what he is going to say. He knows. He can, therefore, give some attention to capitalization and punctuation.

Most children are by nature poetic and rhythmic. Their imaginations are developed and they are taught to express imagination in creative verse, in dancing, and with crayon, water color or clay. Children in Arrandale School have the opportunity to learn to play the piano, or one of the instruments of the orchestra. They may join Sketch Club, Glee Club or the orchestra. They have after school games and are encouraged to participate. It is hoped that an abiding interest may be developed which will prove to be an avocation or a hobby later in life. The teacher acts as guide and leader; but only in extreme cases is she obliged to become the dictator. The children feel that the school belongs to them and that they share the responsibility of keeping the standards high.

In 1923 the registration of Arrandale School numbered 250 children with 14 teachers, while today we have 500 children with 21 grade teachers and 10 teachers of special subjects.



## LAKEVILLE SCHOOL

by

LOIS A. SULLIVAN, *Principal*

SCHOOLS in the smaller cities usually derive their names from their location, as the Arrandale School, the Kensington School; or, they are named in honor of some noted person, as the Roosevelt, the Lincoln or the Hawthorne School. To the casual observer the name Lakeville School seems a misnomer as it is not located in a village called Lakeville, nor is it near a lake. In order to understand why it is so named one must go back in its history prior to 1860, when a small one-roomed frame building housing all eight grades was built on Little Neck Road near Lake Success, and from that location came the name Lakeville School. This little country school served about thirty-five children during the period from 1860 to 1877. In 1877 this building burned and a new building was erected on the corner about 500 feet from the old site. From time to time additions were made and it served the growing community until 1928. This building still stands on the corner near the lake.

The district during the early years was larger than it is now. In 1910 the lines were changed and a small portion of the district joined with Manhasset and another small portion with New Hyde Park.

At one time in its early history the district had a number of negro families. They wished to have a school of their own, so one was established as a part of Lakeville School down in the valley. The negro families contributed to the building of this school and were very proud of it. Tuition during these years amounted to \$1.38 a quarter.

In 1927 the growing population in the new developments which were being built up rapidly, made necessary a new building in a different location. The present beautiful site at the top of the hill on

260th Street looking down upon Little Neck Park and the blue waters of the bay, and out to New York skyline in the distance was purchased in 1927, and the twelve room modern building with gymnasium, auditorium, library and cafeteria, built on lines in harmony with its surroundings, was erected in 1928. In the fall of 1929 the eighty children and four teachers abandoned the outgrown Lake Success building and entered upon their first school year in the new building. At this time there were eight grades in the school and it was under the supervision of Nassau County.

During the years between 1929 and 1935 the school population increased very rapidly, and it soon became evident that high school facilities were imperative. In 1932 the district voted to join with Great Neck district, and so District No. 8 lost its identity and merged with District No. 7. In September 1933 the seventh and eighth grades were transferred to the Junior High School in Great Neck leaving the first six grades in Lakeville.

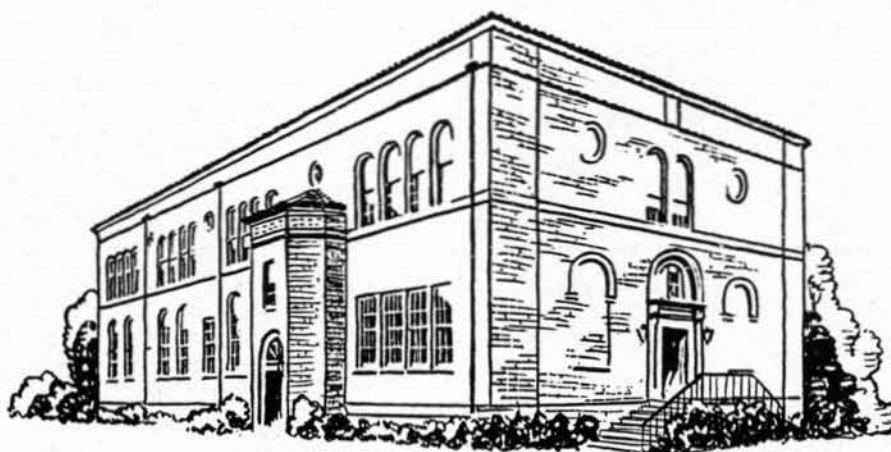
In six years time the school has grown from an eighth grade school of eighty pupils to a six grade school of three hundred and thirty pupils. In 1929 there were four teachers, in 1935 there were twelve regular teachers and eight special teachers.

As the youngest member of the Great Neck School organization, Lakeville School has adjusted itself to the new situation, with its enlarged opportunities and greater responsibilities, in a very creditable manner. Certain changes in curriculum were necessary in order to conform with the work done in the other elementary schools, such as: the organization of class room activity on the unit plan; the introduction of French and instrumental music in grades four, five and six; piano work for grades one, two and three; home economics and manual training in grades four, five and six—all of which were accepted with keen interest and enthusiasm by the boys and girls.

Lakeville School has lost its identity as District No. 8 but it has not lost its individuality, characterized by an enthusiasm and joy in school life which goes beyond that of the average child and has its roots in the interest and pride of those parents who made possible this beautiful school at the top of the hill.



*Miss Lois Sullivan  
Principal, Lakeville School*



### SAINT ALOYSIUS PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

**T**HE Fall of 1923 was a memorable one for the members of St. Aloysius Parish. Then the beautiful new School opened its doors and joyfully received many of the little ones who were to become its future men and women. A faculty of seven Sisters of Mercy happily accepted the grave responsibility of caring for their spiritual and intellectual development.

The furnishings of the new School were of the best and each succeeding year more equipment has been added until today we find cheerful classrooms, lunch rooms, radio, moving-picture machine, and the latest and most up-to-date textbooks. Few schools possess the number and kind of books that are found on the shelves of St. Aloysius' beautiful Library. The Pupils avail themselves daily of the fine opportunities afforded.

*Faculty:* The Sisters of Mercy from College Misericordia, Dallas, Pennsylvania, comprise the very excellent corps of Teachers who have made our School distinctive in many ways. To ensure efficiency in teaching, the Community has spared neither time nor money.

*School Statistics, 1935:* 367 Pupils, 11 Sisters of Mercy, 1 Physical Instructor, 1 Teacher of Public Speaking, 1 Director of Boys' Choir, 1 Director, St. Aloysius Brigade.

Since God is so important in the educative process the child must be trained in the virtues of Religion. This means he must be taught Christian Doctrine, acquire Christian ideals, tastes and habits. In addition to the daily lessons of the Teacher, weekly instructions are given by the Pastor and his Assistant when they bring before the children, in a way suited to their age, the great truths of Religion.



Rev. Ronald B. Macdonald  
Assistant, St. Aloysius Church





## GREAT NECK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

THE extraordinary development of country day schools during the past two decades has resulted from the realization that this type of institution perhaps best combines the advantages of normal home life with that of a competently overseen scholastic course designed to prepare students for admission to the country's leading boarding schools (such as Hotchkiss, Exeter, Andover and Lawrenceville among others). Here the young idea of this peninsula and adjacent North Shore communities is taught to shoot toward the goal of high academic marks.

This particular school was organized in 1923 by a group of public-spirited citizens and has since enjoyed a healthy growth to its present enrollment. The best interests of each pupil are well served by carefully supervised study and also by the small size of the individual classes.

Mr. B. Lord Buckley, the eminent New York educator assisted the founders with his expert advice until his recent deeply regretted death; however the high Buckley standards are being religiously maintained under the administration of the present head-master, James Miles Hubball, A.B. (Princeton).

Great Neck boys and girls in all walks of life have always excelled in athletic prowess and in this tradition "The Prep" has kept step. Although its teams and squads have had a limited number of recruits from which to draw, they have maintained an enviable record in events participated in by academies of their class.

Situated on Steamboat Road in the very heart of the Great Neck peninsula, the school property extends to the south boundary of beautiful King's Point Park. Truly an ideal site for an outstanding country day school of which all residents are justly proud.

### WHO'S WHO IN THE BALLET

GREAT NECK enjoys the distinction of being the stage for the present activities of the first American première danseuse to grace the stage of New York's far-famed Metropolitan Opera.

She, of course, is the charming Eva Swain Vollmer who made an auspicious debut before the glittering "Diamond Horse-shoe" in the season of 1912-13 and continued her string of personal triumphs through the following seasons. Mrs. Vollmer graciously gives credit, however to two world famous teachers, Mme. Malvina Cavallazzi and Mme. Pauline Ver Hoven who gave her the foundation training in a most difficult art. Now the former Eva Swain, herself, is a famous teacher of ballet right here in our midst, holding her classes at the Great Neck Preparatory School. However, it is not alone for a "career" that Mrs. Vollmer prepares her pupils: We quote her,—"Ballet dancing for children inculcates perfect poise and co-ordination necessary for all other activities. The growing child profits immeasurably from early instruction, in subtle grace and ease of carriage through later years."

## "WYKEHAM"

### AN EXCLUSIVE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS SITUATED IN GREAT NECK PLAZA

JUST a stone's throw from the Long Island Railroad Station in the homelike atmosphere of the picturesque house in Linden Street Mrs. Clara Wykeham Sweetland established her private school for girls back in 1915.

Through the past 21 years the school has grown up, so to speak, within the best traditions of our community and now, it can be truly said, has "come of age".

Mrs. Sweetland's background as an educator par excellence would be difficult, if not impossible, to duplicate in any academic field anywhere, for her most distinguished paternal ancestor back in the dim ages of England's medieval era of classic lore was the great William of Wykeham, founder of New College at Oxford University and the master of the first and foremost "Preparatory" to be established in England, that far-famed school at Winchester which antedates Eton, Harrow and other age old institutions, on whose playing fields the battle of Waterloo is so often quoted to have been won.

Naturally with such an historic family name to back up its reputation the school's official name is "Wykeham" but if you happen to hear it mentioned as "The Sweetland School" (and it often is,) do not be confused, for that must be put down merely as a tribute to the dominant personality of its founder.

Mrs. Sweetland's foremost idea is to develop character and individuality in her pupils through a thorough-going tutelage in classic and academic courses from the seventh and eighth grades through complete high school courses. That this objective has been splendidly achieved is attested to by the school's enviable record of honor students enrolled in the leading colleges throughout the country. Mrs. Clara Wykeham Sweetland is to be congratulated by a grateful community which holds the Wykeham School among its most valuable assets.

### "ON WITH THE DANCE"

MISS CLAIRE SWEETLAND is highly rated in this "dancing conscious" community as among the most sought after young teachers of the "Terpischorean Art" which, we hasten to translate to the uninitiated, means that she has an enviable record in conducting an eminently successful school of ballet, interpretive, tap and ball room dancing for children of all ages up to, let's say sixty. Yes! Of course many adults are also enrolled.

Such has been her success hereabouts that it has resulted in the extension of her activities to other parts of Long Island, and Westchester County. Miss Claire is the charming daughter of Clara Wykeham Sweetland, founder of the Wykeham School for Girls in Linden Street, Great Neck, and received her training for this exacting profession by none other than "Chalif", of which school she is a graduate. What more could one ask!

### STEPPING STONES

THE MISSES HOLTON take great pride in their Nursery School, for it is not a mere play group but a really constructive school progressively planned for young children of pre-school age. Miss Barbara Holton is a graduate of Wellesley and Miss Dorothy Holton of Vassar. Special kindergarten training completes their natural fitness in their chosen field.



# ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES AT GREAT NECK HIGH

A Review of the School's Sport Achievements and the official selection of an "All Time" team in Football supremacy.

by

H. CLIFFORD SEARS, B. S.

*Head of Physical Education, Director of Athletics.*

*Coach of Football and Wrestling.*

**D**URING the past seven years approximately four hundred of the best of Great Neck's youth have placed themselves under my jurisdiction as candidates for football alone: Each one with a different temperament that required handling of a particular sort.

Oftimes mistakes were made in treatment of these vastly varying temperaments but soon they were all working — and working hard — with but one supreme objective in view, *the good of the team*.

In these seven seasons we have played 58 games, winning 41, losing 9 and tying 8.

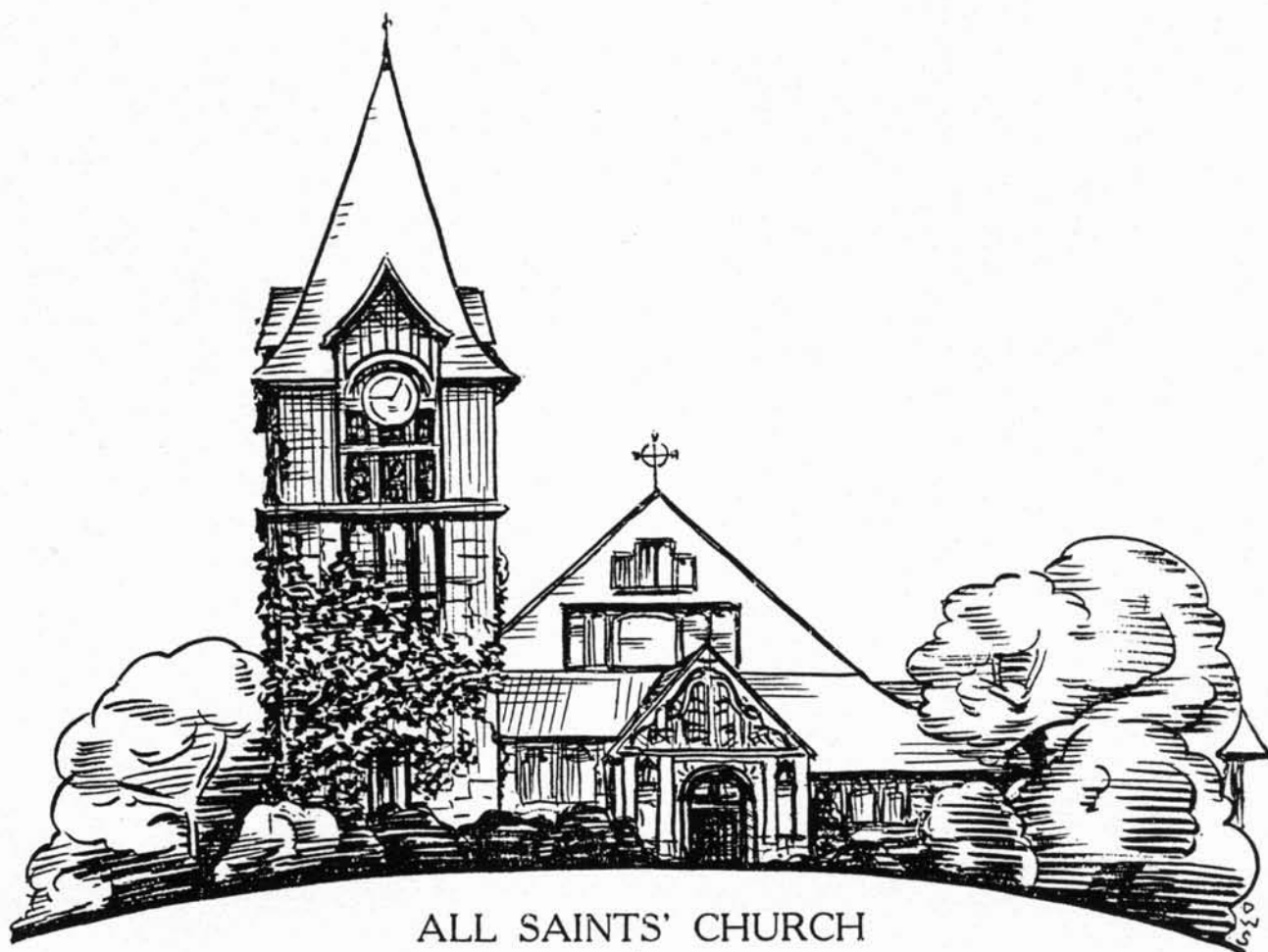
Our best teams were in 1929 (when we lost but one game, the final of the season to Westbury, the winning of which would have given us the undisputed championship of the country), in 1930, when with a team that comes once in a decade to a high school coach, we won the championship of all Long Island; 1933, when we won the North Shore title; 1934 when the team only lost to Glen Cove in the final game for the championship, and 1935 when we won the North Shore championship with our lightest team in history.

So here, in my humble opinion, is "the cream of the crop" over this period of seven years. My selection for Great Neck High School's "All Time" Football Team:

The 1st team line-up:

<i>Position:</i>	<i>Name:</i>	<i>Height:</i>	<i>Weight:</i>
LEFT END	JAMES FRASER	6'	180
RIGHT END	DONALD BANGERT	6' 1"	183
LEFT TACKLE	HENRY WEEKS	6' 2"	210
RIGHT TACKLE	CHARLES OATLEY	6' 3"	190
LEFT GUARD	GILBERT PENFOLD	5' 11"	175
RIGHT GUARD	GIL SPEAR	6'	185
CENTER	WILLIAM WYNPERLE	6' 2"	215
QUARTER BACK	DAVID PORTER	5' 9"	165
LEFT HALF BACK	DAN WRIGHT	5' 10"	160
RIGHT HALF BACK	ED ARBOTOWITZ	5' 11"	180
FULL BACK	EDWARD KRINGLE	5' 11"	175

(continued on page 94)



## ALL SAINTS' CHURCH

by

REV. ALEXANDER McKECHNIE, Rector

ON June 30, 1886, a meeting of the citizens of Great Neck was held to avail of the generous bequest made by the late Thomas Messenger toward the erection of an Episcopal Church, and it was resolved that a subscription paper should be circulated among the people.

Four acres of land were given by Miss M. Gerard Messenger and Mrs. Charles Gignoux, daughters of Mr. Thomas Messenger, and on September 13, 1886, the Hon. John A. King called a second meeting. It was reported that more than enough had been subscribed to meet the terms of the bequest.

Mr. Joseph L. Hewlett appointed as a committee on incorporation, building, and other necessary matters the Hon. John A. King, and Messrs. Joseph Birkbeck, Edward Morgan, Charles C. Gignoux, and George Hewlett. This committee petitioned the rector, wardens, and vestrymen of Christ Church, Manhasset, to concede the Great Neck area of that parish to the new Church. The way was cleared for final incorporation, which was speedily completed.

In May of 1887, All Saints' Church was admitted into union with the Church in the Diocese of Long Island; the first rector, Rev. Louis DeCormis, D.D., LL.D., took charge on October 15; and on November 1, All Saints' Day, the Rt. Rev. Abram Newkirk Littlejohn, first Bishop of Long Island, officiated at the Consecration of the Church.

The new parish flourished under the devoted care of Dr. DeCormis, and the Church was beautified by rare memorial windows, and a great deep-toned bell in the tower. The rectory was erected in 1889. Dr. DeCormis was forced to resign on account of his health late in 1895, and in 1896 the Rev. Kirkland



Huske was called as second rector of the parish.

During the more than thirty-three years of his inspired leadership, many important and significant changes, transpired. The Parish House was built in 1898, the rest of the memorial windows were placed, the beautiful chancel carvings were given, and the tower was altered to permit the installation of the chime of eleven bells. When the cloisters and portecochere had been added as memorials, and the new Jane Reed Dwight Memorial Organ ordered in 1929, Mr. Huske's vision of one of the most beautiful Church properties in the Diocese, was realized.

The opening of the Church to the entire community by making all pew-sittings free was perfectly in accord with the circumstances attending the foundation of the parish, for All Saints' aims to be a Church home for any and all who seek a place of worship. The establishment of All Saints' Chapel in 1923, and the calling of the Rev. William Grime as Vicar came next. It will always be a matter of genuine regret Mr. Huske did not live to see these final achievements. In the Fall of that year All Saints' Chapel made formal application to the Diocese for union with the Convention as an independent Parish, and the application was granted at the Convention in May of 1930. The Rev. William Grime, who had well served the Parish as rector for the year 1929-30, in due recognition of his faithful work as Vicar during the preceding years, was paid further tribute by being called as first rector of the new Parish when it was granted its independence. As the final meeting of the Vestry of All Saints' Church over which he presided, a call was given to the Rev. Alexander McKechnie, who had been Vicar during the year, to become the fourth rector of All Saints' Parish. The call was accepted and Mr. McKechnie was instituted in October of 1930 by the Rt. Rev. Ernest M. Stires.

The sacristy was beautified as a memorial in 1930; a year later the tower chimes and clock were modernized to electrical control; the Churchyard was enlarged in 1933 by the gift of an additional four and a half acres of ground; and in May of 1935 the Kirkland Huske Memorial Parish House was dedicated, together with the Frederic Duclos Barstow Memorial Organ. Special interest introduced to the community an exceptional organist-choirmaster, Mr. Hugh McAmis, F.A.G.O., who began his work in 1929. Series of organ recitals, open to the public, have added one more way in which the church ministers to the parish and the larger community about her.

The various organizations of the parish workers, and the days of their meetings, are as follows:

Sunday Services: 8:00 a.m. Holy Communion; 9:30 a.m. Church School, with a Junior Congregation Service in the Church to which all are invited for whom this hour is most convenient; 11:00 a.m. Holy Communion and Sermon (1st Sunday of each month) or Morning Prayer and Sermon.

Saints' Days and Special Festivals: Holy Communion at 10:00 a.m.

The Vestry: First Thursdays at 8:00 p.m.

The Altar Chapter: Friday before each First Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

Parish Day Guild (with which the older Pastoral Aid and Missionary Society has merged): Tuesdays, from 10:00 till 4:00.

St. Margaret's Guild: Tuesday evenings in Advent and Lent, 8:00 p.m.

(continued on page 115)



Rev.  
Alexander  
McKechnie

# THE COMMUNITY CHURCH

by

REV. H. LINCOLN MacKENZIE, Minister

**D**URING recent years the Community Church ideal has developed as a self-conscious Movement in American religious life, as the result of over-churched towns and villages, and the growing dissatisfaction with continuing obsolete forms of denominational religion.

While in many instances the motive for Church unity has been determined by economic and practical considerations, the movement as a whole represents a spiritual ideal of Christian co-operation that cuts across former conceptions of denominational expressions of Christianity, which have resulted in over two hundred varieties of Protestant Churches.

The Community Church, consequently, not only appeals to the individual's desire for spiritual integration and harmony, but commends itself to every intelligent person who would emphasize unity and co-operation, instead of competition, and a divided Christian Church.

It was with this purpose that the Community Church of Great Neck was organized May 5th, 1914. Nearly all the major denominations were among its original constituency, and it represents a growing unity of former faiths and divisive creedal backgrounds.

Undoubtedly, its most signal contribution is to be found in directing the minds of children and youth to a harmonious worship of God without the handicap of having to think of their religion in terms of a denominational label. Such a unique expression of religion enables thought and effort to be centered not in an institution, but in the community where one lives. The welfare of the community becomes the primary consideration, and not the church in itself. Such a religious point of view precludes selfish considerations, and delivers people from "auditorium religion" where the main effort is the perpetuation of an institution. With this conception of religion, the church becomes a means to an end,—building the good community life,—and not an end in itself, such as fostering institutionalism.



*The Community Church  
(Interdenominational)*

## SERVICE APPOINTMENTS

### Sundays

- 9:45 A.M. The Church School with parental-adult class and kindergarten.  
11 A.M. Worship and Sermon with provision for the care of young children during the service.  
4 P.M. Junior Fellowship Service for boys and girls 9 - 14 years.  
7:30 P.M. Young People's Fellowship for young people of High School age.  
8:15 P.M. Sunday Evening Club for older young people of college and post-college years.

### Wednesdays

- 8 P.M. A Mid-week service of Spiritual Hearing.

### Mondays and Fridays

- 3:30 P.M. Junior Boys Club and Cub Scouts.  
8 P.M. Church Choir Rehearsal.

### Saturdays

- 10 A.M. Boys Hand-work Shop.

### Semi-Monthly Meetings

- 2:30 P.M. First and Third Fridays: The Community Circle for Women.  
2:30 P.M. Second and Fourth Tuesdays: The Junior Circle for Women.

### Monthly

The Community Club for married couples who desire social and recreational opportunities.

### Bowling

Four bowling alleys completely equipped offer healthy afternoon or evening exercise to any group at a small fee.



Rev.  
H. Lincoln  
MacKenzie

## BASIS OF MEMBERSHIP

Community Church welcomes to its membership any person who desires guidance and fellowship in spiritual living. The church does not require the acceptance of a specific formula of faith, on the contrary it challenges the individual to think for oneself, and to affirm one's own belief. It encourages all spiritual efforts to re-think and to clarify historical creedal definitions and religious conceptions in the light of increasing discernment of the Truth.

Its main concern is to direct honest inquiry, and to define Christian principles as they affect educational, social and civic areas of life. It would obliterate all false distinctions between the so-called sacred and secular, revealing all as sacred, so that whatever influences the lives of people is a religious concern; right solutions to be sought in the principles which Jesus used and expounded.

Community Church is at one with the early Apostolic Church in its proclamation of, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism," (Ephesians 4:5.). Members are also received from other churches by letter, and are recommended in the same way to other churches.



## SAINT ALOYSIUS CHURCH

by

REV. EDWARD J. DONOVAN, Pastor

THE story of St. Aloysius' Parish goes back to the days when the Catholics of this community either rowed across the Sound to Hunter's Point or walked to Flushing to attend holy Mass on Sundays. In 1876 the hopes of these pious people were realized when the Bishop sent Father D. F. Sheridan to reside here and to minister to the people. He built the small wooden structure that served the community very well until the general exodus from New York City to its suburbs, just before the war. In 1880 he was succeeded by Father E. J. Smith who shepherded the flock until 1899 when Father D. F. Cherry replaced him. Father Cherry was in turn succeeded by Father John Molloy in 1908. At the very beginning of the increase in the development of Great Neck as a residential suburb of New York City, Father Molloy foresaw the ultimate need of a larger structure and undertook the building of the present Saint Aloysius Church. At the time, it appeared a rather ambitious venture but the faith of those original Catholic families in their beloved pastor saw the building through and in 1913 it was solemnly dedicated.

The building, itself, is an architectural masterpiece of the Lombardic, 9th century period, which is in turn an outgrowth of the Byzantine influence on early Italian Style. This age-old mode is brilliantly executed in a superb expression



of the relatively modern brick-masons' art. The interior is rich in the application of early Italian style in both essentials and ornament. The sanctuary is one of the most beautiful on Long Island the white marble altar has as its background a beautiful mural of the crucifixion, the actual background of the Mass. The Venetian mosaic stations of the cross; the colored tile inserts in the walls, portraying in endless symbolism the whole story of God's dealings with man and the cosmatica and terrazzo floor provide magnificent decoration for this temple of God.

Father Molloy passed on to his reward soon after the new church was dedicated and was succeeded by Father P. J. Rogers. Father Roger's insight into an urgent need of his growing congregation resulted in the institution of a parish school, in which the moral as well as the physical and intellectual elements of a child's education might be provided. This school and the convent, to provide a home for the sisters who would teach in the school were built by him and opened in 1923. In 1928, Father Rogers was assigned to Saint Augustine's Parish in Brooklyn and Father Edward Donovan was transferred from the pastorate of Bayshore, L. I. to that of Great Neck.

With the physical requirements of the parish already constructed, I have spent my humble efforts over the last eight years in beautifying and embellishing the church, improving the school and grounds, and in initiating and developing those activities of a spiritual nature that bind man still more intimately to God.

The program of services held in the church, with the exception of slight seasonal variations, is as follows:

Sunday Masses: 6:30, 8:00, 9:15,  
10:30, 11:30 a.m. and 12:30  
p.m. Children's Mass at 9:15  
a.m.

A Sermon is preached in the  
Lithuanian Tongue every Sunday  
at 1:15 p.m.

Weekly Masses: daily at 7 and at  
8 a.m.

Benediction, Sunday Evenings at  
8:00 p.m.

Perpetual Novena to our Lady of  
the Miraculous Medal, every  
Tuesday at 8:00 p.m.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of  
Jesus, Every First Friday of the  
Month at 8:00 p.m.



*Father Edward Donovan  
Rector, St. Aloysius Church*



## SAINT PAUL'S PARISH

by

REV. WILLIAM GRIME, Rector

**I**N March 1921, the Rev. Kirkland Huske, the late and beloved rector of All Saints Church, Great Neck took advantage of his 25th. anniversary to make a plea to his people for funds for the building of a Chapel on Grace Ave., this to take care for the rapidly increasing population in the Station area. March 1924 saw the completion of the Chapel. The Rev. W. Grime was installed as Vicar and preached the first sermon on the 2nd Sunday in March.

The Chapel committee in Oct. 1929, declared the Chapel congregation self supporting and petitioned the Vestry of All Saints' for separation as an independent parish. This petition was granted with the good wishes of the mother parish.

The name given to the new parish was Saint Paul's and on May 20th. the new church was admitted into union with the Convention of the diocese.

On May 28th. Saint Paul's Vestry extended a call to the Rev. William Grime to become its first rector. It was understood that this would be accepted as soon as circumstances permitted. Mr. Grime to resign as Rector of All Saints Parish, Great Neck.

The inspired vision of the Rev. Kirkland Huske, the unselfish generosity of the Vestry and people of All Saints Parish, the most helpful gift of Saint Paul's Memorial Parish House and the increasing loyalty of all our people have created Saint Paul's Parish — with limitless opportunity for service in the Church Militant.

### SUNDAY SERVICES

8 A. M. Holy Communion  
9:45 Church School (Sept.-June)  
11 A. M. Morning Prayer and Sermon.  
The first Sunday of the Month,  
Holy Communion and Sermon.  
Saints' Days - Holy Communion  
10 A. M.

### ORGANIZATIONS AND THEIR DAYS OF MEETINGS

The Vestry, - 3rd Thursdays—8 P. M.  
Woman's Auxiliary, - Alternate  
Tuesdays—2 P. M.  
Altar Guild, - By Appointment,  
Fridays—2:30 P. M.  
Senior Choir - Thursdays—7:30 P. M.  
Sea Scouts, - Thursdays—7:30 P. M.  
Sea Scouts (Troop 178), - Wednesdays  
7:30 P. M.  
Junior Choir, - Saturdays—11 A. M.  
Brownies, - Thursdays—3:30 P. M.  
Girl Scouts, - Tuesdays—3:30 P. M.  
Layman's League, - By Appointment  
Junior Communicants - 3rd Sunday in the  
month 8 A. M.  
Girls' Basket Ball Group, - Tuesdays—  
7 P. M.



REV. WILLIAM A. GRIME  
Rector, St. Paul's Church

### CHURCH SCHOOL

Superintendent, Mr. Le Roy Travis, Mr. Irving Verschoor, (Asst.) Department Supervisors; Kindergarten, Mrs. Thomas Watson; Primary, Mrs. Eugene Barnard; Junior, Mr. John Kromer; Senior, Mr. Arthur Brown.

### ALTAR GUILD

Mrs. Anna Bacon, (Pres.) Mrs. Kenneth Taylor, (Vice-Pres.) Mrs. Stephen Vanderveer, (Treas.) Mrs. Hawthorne Geer, (Sec.)

### WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

Mrs. William Ansley, (Pres.) Mrs. Henry Peake, (Vice-Pres.) Mrs. William Williams (Treas.) Mrs. Anabel Holdtvedt, Mrs. Harry Garrison (Cor. Sec.)

### SCOUTS

Mr. Sheppard Doherty, Scout Master

### SEA SCOUTS

Mr. Philip H. Dennler Jr., Skipper

### VESTRY

Mr. Walter Stabler and Mr. Charles Morrison (Wardens). Mr. Henry Peake, (Treas.). Mr. Hunter Delatour, (Clerk). Mr. Mason Britton, Mr. Arthur Schieren, Mr. Henry Swartley, Mr. William Riecker, Mr. Robert Livingston, Mr. Colin C. Simpson, Mr. Le Roy Travis.

LAYMAN'S LEAGUE—Mr. Henry Thompson, (Pres.) Mr. John Weigt, (Sec.).

JUNIOR COMMUNICANTS GUILD—(Pres.) The Rector. (Sec.) Miss Clara Lauro.

ORGANIST—Mr. Chester Marsch.

## TEMPLE BETH EL

by

JACOB PHILIP RUDIN, Rabbi

TEMPLE BETH EL of Great Neck, the only Jewish institution in Great Neck, was organized in October 1928 with Rabbi David Goodis as its first religious leader. Rabbi Goodis served the congregation until his untimely death, March 31, 1930. He was succeeded by Jacob Philip Rudin, the present Rabbi.

The first president of the congregation was Richard M. Adler. The second was I. G. Wolf. The present president is Daniel Lipsky.

Under Mr. Lipsky's leadership, the Temple, which is located at Old Mill Road near Middle Neck Road, was erected, to serve as a center for religious, educational, and communal activities.

Religious services are held at the Temple on Friday evening at 8:30. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The Religious School meets Sunday morning from ten to ten-thirty.

Affiliated with the Temple are the following constituent organizations:

The Sisterhood—President, Mrs. Jerome Harris. The regular meeting date is the third Tuesday of each month at 2:30 P. M.

The Men's Club—President, Frank Greenberg. Meetings are held the third Thursday of each month, at 8:30 P. M.

The Junior League—President, Harold Morgan. Meetings are held the first and third Monday of each month at 8:30 P. M.

The Bethelites, a young organization, meets the first and third Wednesdays at 4 P. M.

The Great Neck Community Forum was organized in 1933 by the Men's Club of the Temple, and has continued under its sponsorship.







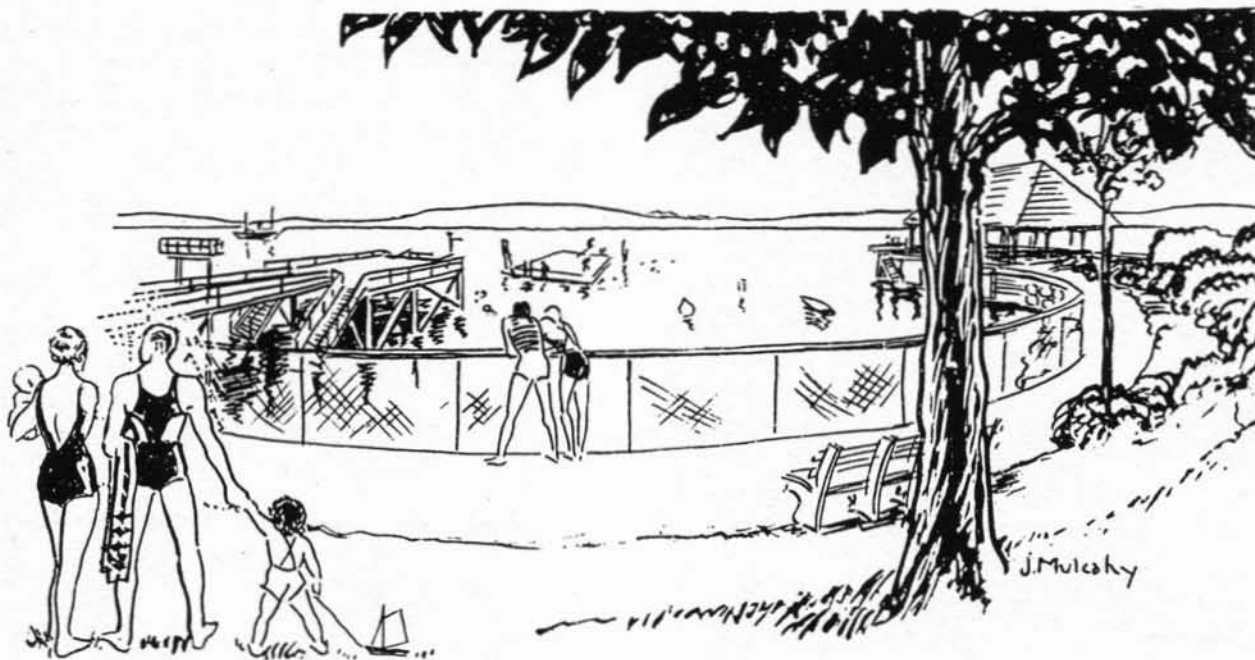
## FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST GREAT NECK, NEW YORK

**J**ANUARY 18, 1920, fourteen earnest Christian Scientists met at the home of one of their number. On March 7, they were organized as a Christian Science Society, and recognized as a branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

From the very beginning of its church history the gratitude of this little band of workers prompted a desire to erect, in this vicinity, a suitable edifice in which to worship God as inspired by the teachings of Christian Science. It was toward the building of such a church that a building fund was opened on December 26, 1920. In February 1922 the property upon which our church now stands, was purchased, and to this twenty-five feet were added in 1926.

In August 1926, the title of the organization was changed to First Church of Christ, Scientist, Great Neck, New York. In October of that year the plans for the church building were completed, and on November 9 ground was broken and work begun. The church opened its doors to the public on February 17, 1929, with the main auditorium complete, with pews and organ installed. On Sunday, June 16, 1929 the church was dedicated.

The Sunday morning service is at 11 o'clock, and the evening service at 8. A Wednesday service for giving testimonies of healing through Christian Science, and experiences, is held at 8:15 o'clock. The Sunday School is in two sessions, one at 9:30 and the other at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning. A Reading Room is maintained by the church where the public is welcome to come for study, and reading of all authorized Christian Science literature, and the works of Mary Baker Eddy. There is also a free lending library.



Every day's a Holiday at breezy  
old Steamboat Landing — the  
town's favorite "wet spot."



FAVORITE GATHERING  
PLACES FOR GREAT  
NECKERS:  
Recreational,  
Intellectual  
and Social

Our Public Library  
houses a stock of the  
world's best literature  
in this homey build-  
ing where readers  
may browse to their  
heart's content?

Best People On Earth.  
What more need be  
said. The Elks have  
proven good and be-  
nevolent neighbors to  
many townfolk.



## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### GREAT NECK



**G**REAT Neck (the "old village" as we always speak of it nowadays) was the first real settlement of any importance and permanence, on "Mad Nan's Neck". From the standpoint of population and general activity it stands in the forefront of all our incorporate groups. Unity Chapel, called Union Free Church more than half a century ago, was open to worship by all denominations. Now it is used for meetings and entertainments of local organizations, while Saint Aloysius Roman Catholic, and All Saint's Episcopal Churches are the leading ecclesiastical institutions of the community.

Its beautiful public parks are a feature of "old" Great Neck. The Village Green is the central oasis here, and it is lovely at all times of the year. The War Memorial on the South, and the Pavillion built by Mrs. Eldridge in memory of her husband, dominate the scene.

Memorial Field, a stone's throw away is said to be the finest Athletic Field on Long Island, comprising football, hockey, soccer, and lacrosse fields, as well as baseball diamonds. A newly erected Field House is equipped with showers, lockers and sports necessities.

Sixteen free tennis courts adjoin the Field.

Great Neck was officially incorporated in 1922. The officers are: Mayor, Cyril J. Brown; Trustees, Willis H. Bryant, Matthew Grasberger, William Ninesling, Abram Wolf; Village Clerk, Thomas H. Meade, Jr.; Deputy Clerk, Loretta V. Carroll; Health Officer, Dr. A. H. Parsons; Village Attorney, Louis M. Wolf; Treasurer, William P. Garrity; Police Justice, John T. Daly; Street Commissioner, Dennis O'Connell; Superintendent of Sewers, Robert B. Best.



*One of the old houses of Great Neck  
originally owned by the Woolley family.  
Drawn by Dorothy Warren Andrews.*

## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### SADDLE ROCK



**S**ADDLE Rock lies between Great Neck Estates and King's Point, overlooking Little Neck Bay. The first mention of the exchange of titles in the history of Great Neck was in an old record of 1698, when Henry Allen bought land on the Mill Pond for the purpose of building a grist mill. The mill itself was not built until around 1710, and three generations of Allens owned and managed it. Toward 1835, the Skidmores came into possession; their descendants have lived there ever since.

The present Mrs. Roswell Eldridge (née Skidmore) and the late Mr. Eldridge have done much for the people of Great Neck. The Public Library, the Village Green, the Bathing Beach at Steamboat Landing and the athletic fields have been gifts from the Eldridges.

The old mill in Saddle Rock, although well over two centuries old, is still in working order and the miller, Mr. James C. Hermann is there every Monday morning at 8 A. M. to grind anything that is brought to him. The mill wheel is turned every week to take care of the tidal wave from the pond.

Incorporated in 1911, the village officials are: Mayor: Mrs. L. U. Eldridge, Trustees: George H. Nicolai, C. J. Hermann, John Vicario, William A. Eldridge, Secretary and Clerk: Augusta W. Rusden, Health Officer: Dr. E. E. Stewart, Assessor: Augusta W. Rusden, Street Commissioner: Philip Hauck.



*The Old Mill  
at Saddle Rock*



## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### GREAT NECK ESTATES



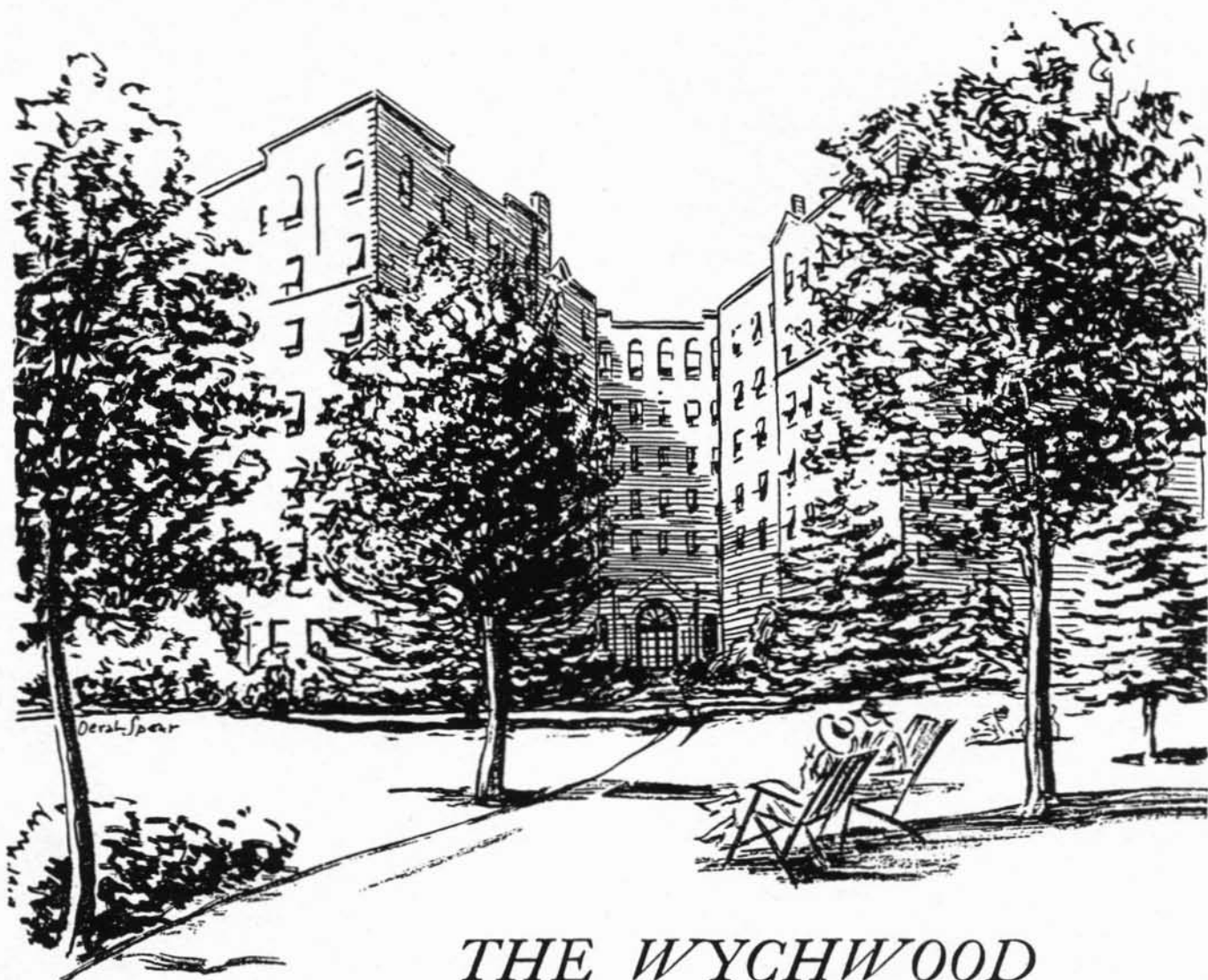
"THE ESTATES" was held by one family for over three centuries, believe it or not. The purchase of this land was made by the first Richard Thorne, from the Indians, and members of the original family were still in possession up until the turn of the twentieth century. The clubhouse of the Sound View Golf Club was once the farmhouse of an early generation of Thornes, who can safely be termed one of our first families. Their acreage was perhaps the fairest on the peninsula, with high splendidly wooded hills rolling down to the pleasant shores of Little Neck Bay, and fertile fields and pastures extending to the cow path that is now Middle Neck Road.

It must have been a picturesque setting then, when neighbors were few and far away, but it is also delightful today as a well built up and neighborly community. Winding roads among the hills and under high arches of noble trees give the Estates a distinction all its own. A waterfront park has recently been added by miraculously salvaging a grant of under-water land. It is now an attractive playground protected by a seawall, with a pier, pavillion, tennis courts and children's wading pool.

Great Neck Estates was incorporated as a village in 1911. The present officers are: Mayor, Alfred E. Jordan. Trustees: John E. Craig (Acting Mayor and Park Commissioner), Arthur E. Taylor (Police Commissioner), Arthur D. Bowne, Daniel A. Dorsey. Village Clerk: M. G. O'Connell. Treasurer and Tax Collector: F. L. Hagemann. Village Counsel: W. R. Conklin. Fire Commissioner: John Gammie. Road Commissioner: Clinton Hunter. Road Engineer: George Vershoor. Police Justice: Alexander Stronach. Health Officer: Dr. E. E. Stewart. Board of Appeals: Colin C. Simpson Jr., Fred S. Yale, H. S. Crystal, William Wallace, Max O. Jordan.



*Residence of  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Stott  
in Great Neck Estates*



## *THE WYCHWOOD* *Garden Apartments*

Here one finds in the heart of a beautifully landscaped garden, an ideal home with all the comforts and advantages of a country place but with responsibilities and cares eliminated. On entering its spacious, panelled halls one is enveloped in an atmosphere of good taste, refinement and luxury. A few of the special features of the Wychwood include wood-burning fireplaces, open loggias, concealed radiation, soundproof walls and a private bath for each and every bedroom.

## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### GREAT NECK PLAZA



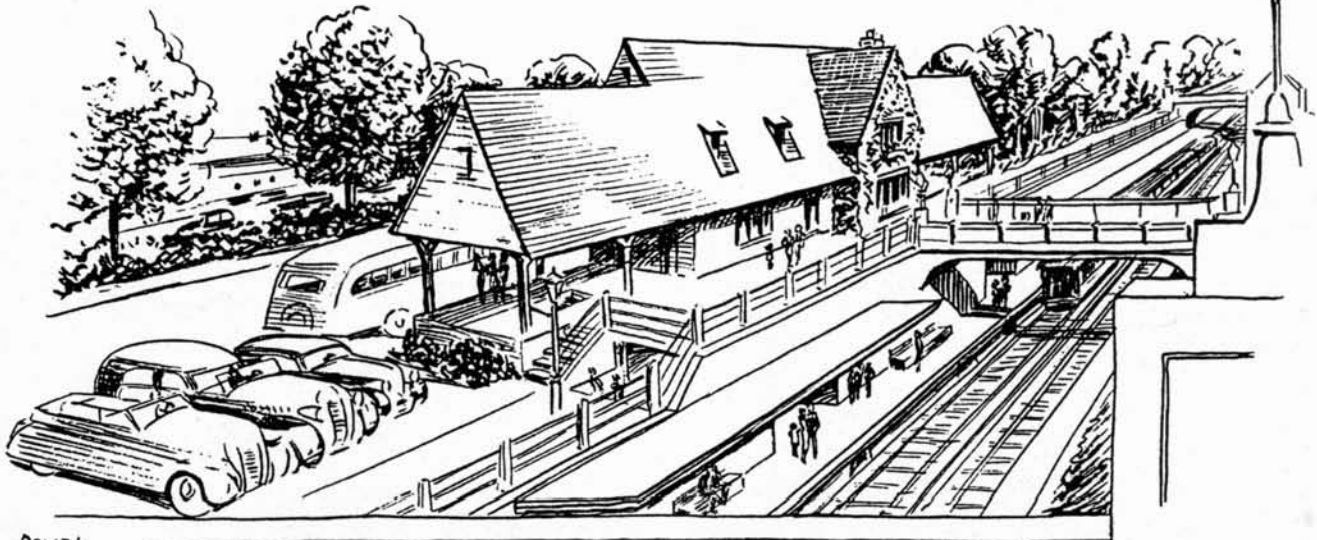
THE first railroad station was the nucleus of "Brookdale", a settlement of a few scattered houses and stores. There *was* a brook, oddly enough, which gave reason to the name. However, the march of progress diverted it to more picturesque channels and when the Grace holdings began to predominate in this section, Mrs. Grace renamed the little village "Thomaston" in honor of her birthplace in Maine.

Eventually even that name was replaced by the more descriptive "Great Neck Plaza", under which name the village was incorporated in 1930.

The elimination of the grade crossing was recently accomplished with the financial aid of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barstow, whose generosity has made possible many improvements on the Great Neck peninsula, irrespective of village affiliations.

The present village officials are: Mayor: Edward R. Larigan, Trustees: George H. Kennahan, Albert C. Burtis, Frederick Uhl, and William H. Lyon, Village Clerk: Florence E. Pearce, Secretary: Elizabeth G. Nelson, Health Officer: Dr. A. H. Parsons, Counsel: Cyril J. Brown, Treasurer: Florence E. Pearce, Superintendent of Highways: Eugene D. Schenck, Building Commissioner: James Dick, Police Justice: Irwin R. Browner, Fire Chief: John J. Hughes.

Zoning Committee: George H. Kennahan, Samuel K. Adams, Albert C. Burtis, E. Munroe Bates, John B. Gilliar. Planning Board: William H. Lyon, Richard Kehoe, Hallie K. Davis, Joseph A. Kavanagh, Frederick Uhl. The Mayor is honorary member of the boards.



Devah  
Spear

*The Long Island Railroad  
Station at Great Neck*



## *The* KENWOOD

An apartment house of a thousand luxurious appointments, anticipating every wish of the appreciator of perfection in gracious living. From the smart modern foyer to the topmost roof-garden high above the beautiful residences of Kensington, every floor houses several apartments of distinction, where one may sense the Park Avenue atmosphere and conveniences, while enjoying the charm of real country life.

FINLAY REALTY CO., INC.  
37 Middle Neck Road Great Neck, N. Y.  
Telephone Great Neck 1418



## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### KENSINGTON



**W**HEN Kensington was completed by Charles E. Finlay, it was considered to be the finest residential development of its kind in the East. The hundred and thirty-five acres (the Deering farm which originally had belonged to the ubiquitous Allens) were divided into two hundred divisions. They are now fully built up.

Beverly Road leading straight through the village from the gates at Middle Neck Road, has always been the direct way to East Shore Road, the wide spreading trees on either side providing a lovely vista from the entrance.

Mr. Finlay's careful planning has resulted in a beautiful place to live, with luxurious trees and box hedges to protect the privacy of the residents.

Kensington Park on the water front has a swimming pool, tennis courts and a Casino where there is much lively entertainment in the summer time. This was deeded to the residents without additional cost.

One of Great Neck's finest grade schools "Kensington", is on Nassau Blvd. and West Drive.

Incorporation of the village took place in 1917. The present officers are:—Mayor: Henry B. Oatley. Trustees: Chas. H. Mellor, F. E. Single, Sidney Mattison, Joseph Dujat. Police Justice: Wm. H. Hands. Village Clerk: Thos. W. Fitzgerald. Counsel: Conklin and Bentley.



## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### LAKE SUCCESS

THE Matinecocke Indians called it "Sucat Pond," before the white man came. Early settlers wrote it "Sucksess" when they built the first meeting house in these parts on the shores of the lovely lake. The evolution into "Lake Success" was only logical considering its location within the most bounteous limits of Great Neck, although not actually on the peninsula proper.

The Incorporated Village of Lake Success dates only from 1927 for up until that year it had been known as "Lakeville", a name common in many other localities, but especially in New York State, therefore leading to confusion, with the Postal Authorities. With such a distinctive name as "Success" in its honorable history, the new name was not only appropriate, but also descriptive of the prosperous group of residents of a section which includes many of our most beautiful estates as well as three of Long Island's most excellent Golf Clubs, "Deepdale", "Lakeville" and "Glen Oaks," to be specific.

Another distinction recently added, is that of the election of the youngest Mayor on Long Island, in the person of John J. McNulty, alumnus of Brown University who at twenty-seven has definitely modern ideas on running things "successfully."

The officials of Lake Success are: Mayor, James J. McNulty. Trustees: Jacob Dromerhauser, Dr. Louis F. Licht; Village Clerk and Treasurer, Ruth Williams; Police Justice, Harry Williams; Commissioner of Police, Capt. Fergus Mullins.



*Lake Success is surrounded  
by rolling country.*

## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### KING'S POINT



SOME of the most beautiful water-front estates of the North Shore of Long Island are within the boundary lines of King's Point. Well-kept acres of rolling lawns, luxurious foliage and magnificent homes have given this section of Great Neck an unmistakable stamp of distinction.

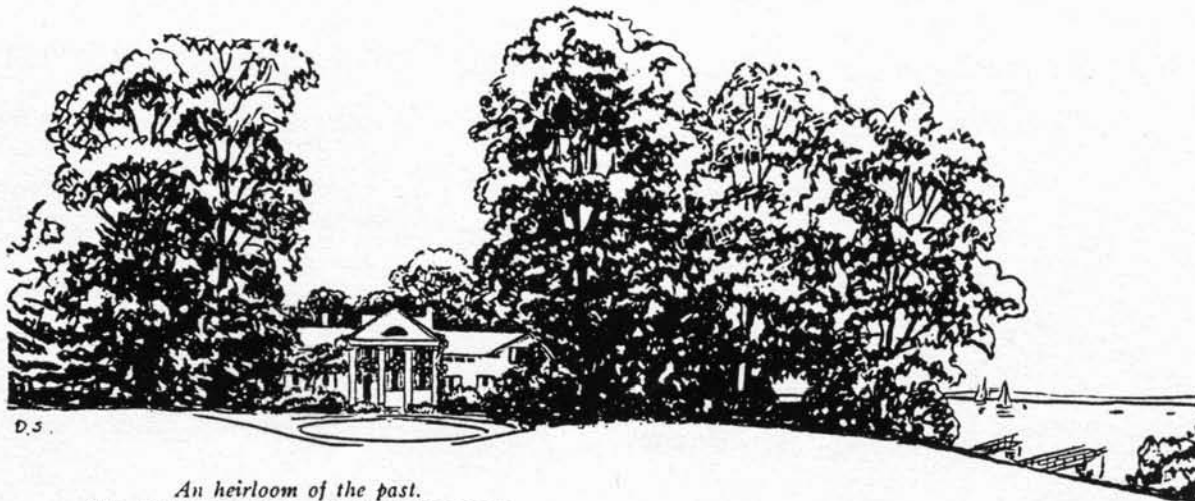
As "Haviland's Land" in the first grants of 1641, through the period of the Hewlett's possession, and down through the era of the King family, it has maintained the dignity of its natural heritage.

Many sail and power boats are anchored off the docks of King's Point, and among others, the yachts of Alfred R. Sloan Jr. and Walter P. Chrysler are familiar craft commuting their owners to and from New York.

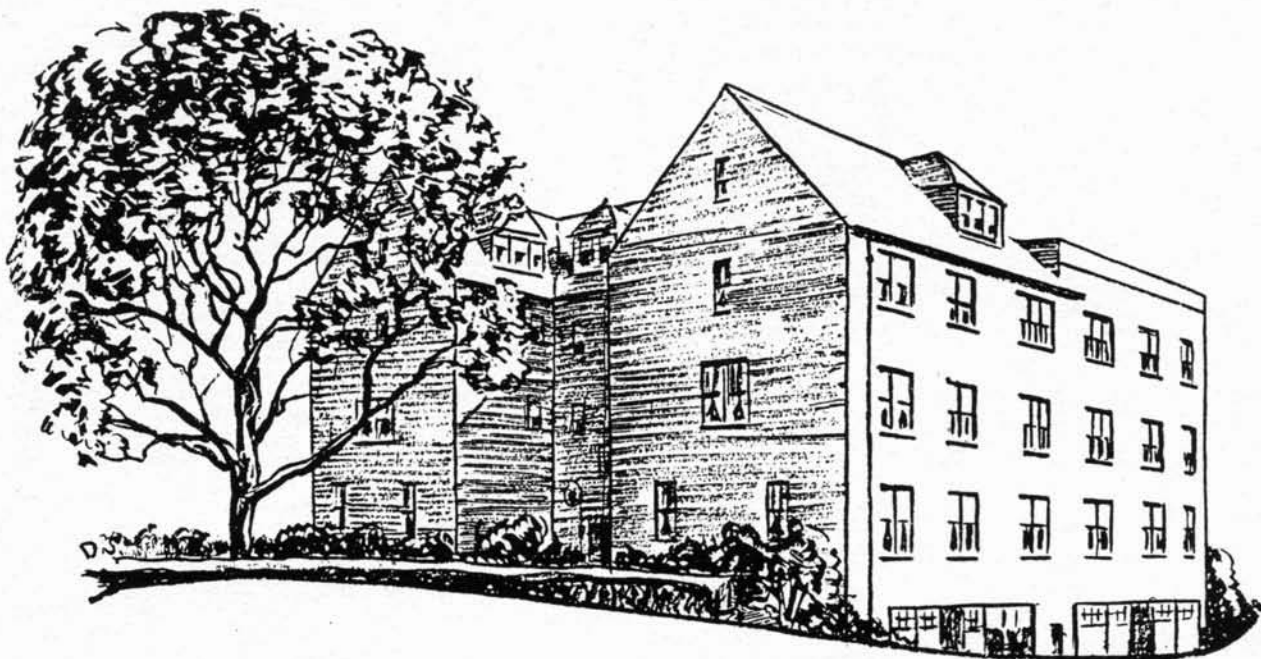
A separate development is "Kenilworth", attractively landscaped. It has its own yacht club and swimming pool.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Alker of East Shore Road, the lake on their estate is open to gay throngs of skaters during the winter months.

King's Point was incorporated in 1924. The present officers are: — Mayor: Wm. S. Barstow. Trustees: John H. Eden, W. H. Zinsser, Arthur S. Dwight, Eugene Kienle. Clerk: Clifford R. Schenck. Health Officer: Dr. E. E. Stewart. Counsel: G. Frank Dougherty. Treasurer: Geo. C. Meyer. Justice: Harold G. Roig. Police Captain: Thomas P. McNamara. Supt. Public Works: Geo. H. Vershoor. Building Inspector: Geo. V. Bullen. Board of Appeals: George Stockley, Leonard D. White, Hoyt Miller, John H. Eden, Hugh McNair, Planning Board: Arthur S. Dwight, J. H. Ballantine, Morgan H. Grace, John H. Eden, Cornelius J. Reid.



*An heirloom of the past.  
The E. Vernon Mann Estate on the Point*



## THOMASTON Apartments

Grace Avenue and Third Street

*T*HE management of the Thomaston apartments offers the unique service of specialized decorators who consult with the prospective tenant about unusual color schemes and arrangements. Spacious high-ceilinged rooms insure the maximum of sunlight and ventilation, and they are equipped with every modern appointment for restful living. Near the station for the convenience of the commuter, and in the heart of Great Neck's shopping and entertainment centre.

GILCHREST REALTY CO.

45 MIDDLE NECK ROAD

GREAT NECK

*Telephone* GREAT NECK 2727



## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### RUSSELL GARDENS



**T**HIS residential village interestingly laid out, includes a natural park of great beauty. The heavily wooded ravine follows the brook from Middle Neck Road on the east to the western boundary line, and tennis courts, swimming pool and splendid bridle paths make it an exceptional recreation ground.

The Schenck family owned the farm which is now Russell Gardens for many generations, and Mrs. Haviland (a Schenck descendant) still occupied the farmhouse when Captain Frederick Russell came up from Flushing and bought the entire eighty acres. Later he sold the greater portion of it which was developed as Russel Gardens.

Captain Russell's likeness to Geo. Bernard Shaw is so remarkable that it has confused even Mr. Shaw. Only recently in Nassau he was mistaken for Captain Russell. British magazines publish both their pictures as "famous doubles".

In 1931, Russell Gardens was formally incorporated. The present Mayor: Emerson F. Davis. Trustees: Mrs. Helen M. Saunders, John O. Carter, Walter J. Neff. Village Clerk and Treasurer: Kurt A. Mayer. Health Officer: Dr. A. H. Parsons. Building Inspector: Arthur S. Coote. Justice of the Peace: Egbert E. LeCluse.



*The Ravine at  
Russell Gardens*



### GREAT NECK TOWERS

**B**UILT upon the highest point in Great Neck the Great Neck Towers dominate the surrounding country while the view from its Solarium sweeps across the crystal mirror of Long Island Sound to take in the remote Connecticut shoreline and make the skyscrapers of Manhattan a magnificent frieze silhouetted against the sunset. This superb vista however is merely one of the many features of which the Towers can boast; the spacious, high-ceilinged apartments are superlatively planned for the utmost comfort and airiness, while the duplex arrangements of some of them give the freedom of a detached house.

Then, too, expert chauffeurs operate a free bus service to and from schools and churches and meet all trains on schedule.

## INCORPORATED VILLAGES OF GREAT NECK

### THOMASTON



THE actual area of the present Thomaston was formerly known as Great Neck Hills, during the time that the official name of "Thomaston" was applied to that section of Great Neck we now know as "Great Neck Plaza." The name was kept in the family as it were however, by using it later to designate the neighboring village.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davis have been largely identified with establishing the charm of this residential community. They built many beautiful houses on this vantage spot, for the highest point of Great Neck is well-known to be in Thomaston. Broad avenues of trees lead up to the hills and provide lovely views through masses of summer foliage, the exciting colors of autumn, or, weighted down with the snowy bulk of winter, a truly inspiring sight.

The Spinney Hill Methodist Episcopal Church facing Northern Boulevard is a pleasant reminder of old Great Neck and regular services are still held there.

The zigzag boundary lines of Thomaston make its exact location difficult to define, easy walking distance to the railroad station makes it a haven for commuters.

Thomaston was incorporated as a village in 1931.

The officers are:

Mayor: Henry A. Singley

Trustees: Frederic P. Byington,

J. Stewart Love,

John W. Weigt,

George W. Winemiller

Village Clerk: J. W. Stueck, Jr.

Village Attorney: Z. U. Dodge

Police Justice: Ben W. Hill

Superintendent of Public Works:

Charles E. Van Dine



*Great Neck Methodist  
Episcopal Church*

## UNIVERSITY GARDENS

"Ten minutes walk from Great Neck Station lies this beautiful residential park." So a real estate prospectus tells us. More accurately we should say that it is about a minute by motor or four gallops and a trot on horse-back to this most attractive of our "unincorporated" areas. We mention motors and the horse advisedly, for University Gardens lies just south of that main traveled artery, Northern Boulevard, while the splendid new parkway Northern State, is practically at its door-yard. Then speaking of horses, many lovely, wooded bridle paths lead you there over delightfully rolling hills. But perhaps we had best describe the shortest distance between town and these Gardens as a couple of good drives down the fairway, a few mashy shots, a midiron chip and a short putt, for University Gardens is practically surrounded by swank clubs where the ancient and honorable Scottish rites are practiced at all seasons.

Oh yes! The Homes! Naturally they are charming — as befits a wisely restricted, ideally situated residential community.



*Where Home and Woodland Meet*

CHARMING HOMES  
built to order, reasonably priced on beautiful plots in  
what is generally conceded to be the most attractive  
residential development on Long Island, with ample  
protective restrictions.

### University Gardens

JULES E. ROSENTHAL, *President.*

Northern Blvd., Great Neck, Long Island



### "A LOOK AHEAD" (continued)

These new folk coming out, however, have had their allies—high taxes, high interest and lower incomes, working in their behalf, and the present outlook indicates that it won't be long now before several hundred families will be enjoying the pleasures of living on several of our most beautiful waterfront estates on each of which only one family was previously living. However, the wisdom of Village restrictions will insure this growth being of a proper nature.

Naturally growth will increase the demand for stores and for more apartments for those whose preference is for apartments, and more apartments will require still more stores to take care of the faster growing population of more apartments. For those who realize the advantages of owning business properties in the path of progress such opportunities as our Middle Neck Road presents should not be overlooked. (For further information see any member of the Great Neck Real Estate Board. advt.)

So much for the immediate present, all of which is quite obvious and with which, I am sure, no one can disagree. Now for the more difficult work of projecting the picture out into the future, let us say twenty-five years. Here I see a community which has profited by the new mortgage policy of amortizing loans where every home has been paid for and is free and clear of either first or second mortgages, except of course, those just purchased by newlyweds. They too will have a much easier time of it as by that time even the bankers, who are sometimes a little slow in catching on, will have realized that Great Neck real estate is an AAAA-1 risk and will only charge two per cent interest on loans in our town (which will then be fifty per cent more than they should charge.)

Our Incorporated Villages will have had the attention of the whole country focused on them and our people will have seen that since we can get work out of our Village Mayors, Trustees and others without pay that all State, County and Federal jobs will be on the same honor system. Taxes will have practically vanished as a result, being limited to a nominal interest charge on loans made for road construction and for the maintenance cost of Jones Beach and the Beth Page Golf Courses.

All of our villages will have reached the necessary agreement to wipe out boundary lines and will have one general government on our peninsula.

The name Kings Point will have been accepted for the entire community since we will have arrived at that point in our growth where every resident will feel like a king and be leading the kind of life a king would like to live if he could.

(Too bad Huey Long could not have stayed to see his dream come true.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE FLOWERPOT <i>Mrs. Schnapper</i>		FRAMING AND PHOTO FINISHING <i>Mrs. Steffanson</i>
Flowers for all Occasions	283 MIDDLE NECK ROAD Near Baker Hill Rd.	Tel. G. N. 2620 Nite 521



## WHY I LIVE IN GREAT NECK

by

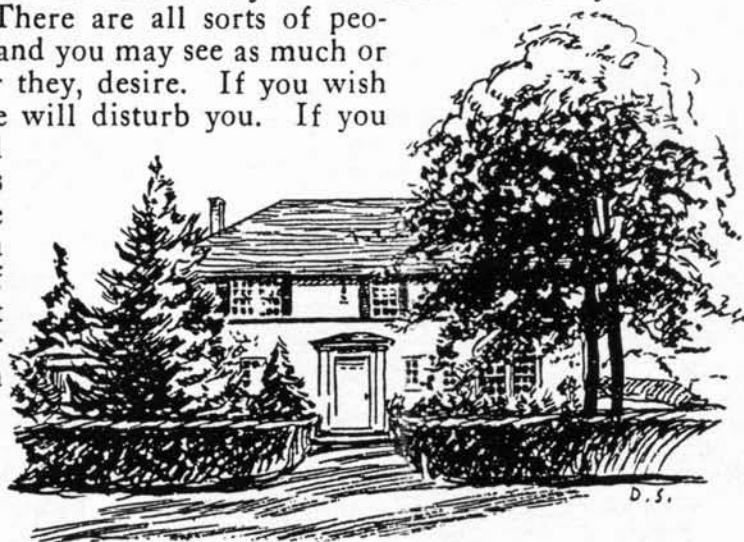
THOMAS CRAVEN

*Author of "Men of Art" and "Modern Art"*

**I**N the first place, I happen to like small towns. I was born and raised in a small Middle Western village, and those early conditioning influences have left their imprint upon me, unfitting me for the life of the city dweller and convincing me that to live year-in and year-out in the nerve-wracking atmosphere of the modern city is to forfeit the fundamental rights to a healthy existence. It has been a habit of mine, as well as a professional necessity, to travel in many parts of America, and during the course of my wanderings, I have lived in and visited small towns from coast to coast. Yet here I am in Great Neck, when I might, by the nature of my work, be living in Spain or Florida or California.

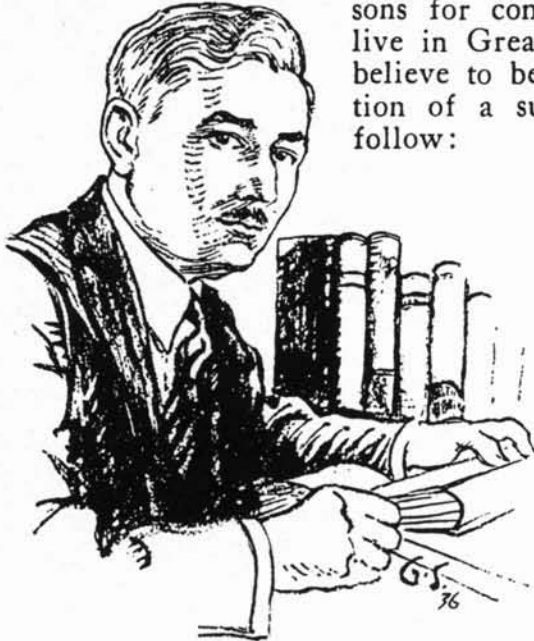
When I was struggling to gain a foothold as a writer, I served a term of literary imprisonment in New York—a ten-year sentence of hard labor made bearable only by pleasant interludes in the country among friends at Great Neck. I resolved, in those lean years, to make my home in Great Neck, when circumstances permitted, and in 1931, this resolution happily became a living fact. I am a property holder, a tax-payer—of more or less regularity; and I am on good terms with the police and my next-door neighbors.

I dislike suburbs, and Great Neck, while enjoying the advantage of easy access to New York, is certainly not suburban. It is an independent community, a town in its own right; or more precisely, a cluster of villages affording the home-seeker any kind of life he may prefer. You may live as you please here and satisfy whatever social taste you may happen to possess. There are all sorts of people in this nest of villages, and you may see as much or as little of them as you, or they, desire. If you wish to live in seclusion, no one will disturb you. If you prefer to cut the town dead and import all your friends from New York, no one will call you a snob or a queer fish. That is one of the characteristics of Great Neck—you can take it or leave it—and remain in good standing.



## WHY WE PREFER TO LIVE IN GREAT NECK

GREAT NECK probably numbers among its residents more nationally known people than any other community of its size in America. Interested to know why these residents, practically all of whom could afford to live anywhere they choose, decided to make their homes in Great Neck, we asked some of them to give their reasons for coming here and why they prefer to live in Great Neck. Their answers, which we believe to be the most convincing recommendation of a suburban community we have seen, follow:



Dr. Will Durant, Author of *The History of Philosophy*, with Mrs. Durant and their daughter Ethel has lived in Great Neck for several years. They came first to Kensington where they occupied the house in which Dick Barthelmess once lived.

"We moved here" said Dr. Durant, because we found those things that anyone looks for in a suburban community. We wanted a quiet place, hygienic, with a good school, preferably public, and good air. We got it all."

"There's no spot in the world I like as well as my home. Traveling to me is not a pleasure. I'd much rather stay home with my books and my family around me."

"I write with equal difficulty at any time of the day," he says, "perhaps least in the quiet hours of the night when all those who love me (that is, possess me) are in bed."

He does most of his writing in his study which is lined with reference books. He practically never writes for more than three hours at a sitting, but studies his subject all the time he is working on it.

When doing a history, he makes many notes but puts each item on a separate slip of paper, so that it can be shifted from one position to another. The items are classified according to the chapters of the projected book, some six hundred headings usually to one chapter.

Dr. Durant says he is never inspired by a big idea; ideas form in him slowly, if at all. Still he does believe in genius—that is, in people to whom sudden revelations come.

Genius or not, his book "*History of Philosophy*," has been translated into French, German, Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, Hebrew and Czecho-Slovak, and has been more than well received in each country.

He is also famous as a lecturer.



Walter P. Chrysler

Walter P. Chrysler, Motor Car Manufacturer:—I have always found Great Neck a most delightful place in which to live. Its distinct advantages attracted me a good many years ago and I have come to have an increasing appreciation of the beauty, convenience and climate of this pleasant section of Long Island. As a suburban community, it is ideally located, combining natural country surroundings with proximity to the city.

William H. Hands, Banker:—"Years of prowling within commuting distance of New York City looking for a neighborhood combining the greatest number of those things which make suburban life desirable led us to decide upon Great Neck as almost the ideal community.

Good train service, with attractive highly restricted developments close by the station, churches, schools with a fine reputation, stores of all descriptions including leading chain stores, good doctors, proximity to the Sound, and country clubs offering all varieties of land diversions, left almost nothing to be desired except kindly neighbors and friends, and these we have found here in abundance.

No wonder Great Neck appealed and appeals to us."

Stanley Walker, Editorial Staff "The New Yorker." "I was practically forced to move to Great Neck. My work in the city kept me up very late and I didn't want to live there any more. The air was bad and the place had no future. On studying time-tables I found the L. I. R.R. could get me to Great Neck almost any time of the day or night which is not true of commuting to such outlandish places as New Jersey, Westchester and Connecticut. I don't see how people get there at all. So we bought the imposing manse on the hill from which one may see the skyline of New York and have lived here "happily ever after". The trains are easy to catch once you get the hang of it; the taxi drivers are fast and obliging. **AND THE TRADESPEOPLE ARE THE MOST COURTEOUS AND PATIENT EVER HEARD OF.** My decision to move to Great Neck is the one bright spot in a career studded with error.

Walter Roesler, Broker:—The answer to your question is: No choice. I was moved there in a basket at two months of age. Like F. P. A. in his famous poem on hunting a new apartment. I have looked about a number of times and then resolved to stay another year.



## WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT GREAT NECK.

Prize Winning Essay by High School Student.

(Book Plate Contest won by Odette Young)

by

Jean Lewis

THE arrival of a friend from out West was the occasion for several important discoveries. I became aware that Great Neck meant more to me than a mere peninsula on an island along the Atlantic seaboard where I am in the habit of living.

This being our friend's first visit to the East and our home, it was my parent's suggestion that I conduct her on a short tour around the town.

While driving, our guest first remarked about the proximity of Great Neck to New York City, and marveled that we have retained all the desirable features of rural life. Through my visitor's eyes I began to realize some of the natural beauties of our community which heretofore had gone unnoticed (having grown up with them); the beautiful homes and gardens, the tall and stately trees and the extensive roads one is privileged to enjoy. The visitor did not fail to notice our Memorial Field and the parks about town, nor did I miss the opportunity to point out to her our beautiful high school, remarking, "We have all the latest equipment in the class rooms and gymnasium, even a loud speaker in every room through which the principal may broadcast announcements and through which we may hear programs from any radio station. And that is not all," I said, "we have one of the highest scholastic records in the state!"

Next I took her through our public library, pointing out how large and well equipped it is for the size of the community.

As I conducted my guest through Great Neck I began to realize how really glad I am to live here in preference to any where else. No private school would give me a better education than I am receiving and nowhere could I find better teachers nor more desirable classmates.

Great Neck's ideal location facilitates swimming in the summer, in the ocean or in the numerous pools, tennis, golf on beautiful courses and riding through the woods. In the winter there are ponds for skating and hills for tobogganing and sliding. What more could one ask for in a community?

I was not only pointing out the places of interest to a stranger to our town but also to myself, and as I came to sum up the features of the town I began to realize that it is not the beautiful school that makes Great Neck what it is, nor yet the library, the parks nor the landscaping, but it is the composite picture of all these advantages in addition to the type of people, that makes Great Neck a most desirable residential community.

" — THE WELL REMEMBERED FACES"

by

Max Figman

OUR coming to Great Neck to live in 1911 — (good lord! over a quarter of a century ago) — was not just an accident. No, sir! For at that time this was not the famous theatrical colony it has since become. It was only the beginning folks! ONLY the beginning.

Both Mrs. Figman and I had family ties on Long Island. Mine down Neponsit way and Lolita's in Flushing. We thought it would be nice to be near them and spend our leisure time "far from the madding crowd" of Broadway and 'show business'.

So we started out in search of a place to light; down the south shore up the north, catty-cornered and across the whole danged island. Well! as you know, we finally found what we wanted in a quaint little village on a green-clad peninsula called "Great Neck".

On an acre of ground high upon a hillside we planned, designed and built our first home. (And those who really know what it is to build, can only appreciate the love of a home.) It wasn't so easy to commute in those far off days.

I remember that we were playing at the Astor Theatre in a show called — "FINE FEATHERS". Leaving the theatre at Broadway and 45th, after midnight, we had to make our way to the 34th Street Ferry slip and, in all weathers, take a boat to Long Island City and catch one of the first of the electric run trains to Woodside, where in what was then only a ramshackle shack, (there were no beautifully built stations along the line in those days) we changed to the dear old, dilapidated steam train (not 'air-conditioned' but well ventilated by nature's own wintry zephyrs) in which we chugged and wheezed home.

Arriving at the little, old shed built around a center-heating stove that was the Great Neck terminus, we could settle down to the cold comfort of waiting for a 'fresh air' taxi that might (or might not) "meet all trains".

The Great Neck "Plaza" at that time consisted of this aforementioned, alleged station, a paper store that was merely a piano packing case and along side of it our one drug store, one meat market, one grocery and one vegetable stand. That was all; except for our only hotel, "The Evan's House" where, if it was not too late, we'd drop in for a get-together with the boys. And what boys! (and girls, too,) there were in those first days and all through the days to come. Ah! The old familiar faces.

In the years between then and now we have had many, many friends hereabouts. Some have passed on but the fond memories of having known them lingers. If in the following list of those that I recall there are some that are omitted, it is only because I have not seen them of late years.

Well, let's go over the "Cast of Characters" in my Great Neck Cavalcade:

There was Donald Brian, then playing Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow", since become a legend. "Donnie" and his charming wife lived in Kensington. In the Estates were the Oscar Shaws. He was creating the lead in "Lady Be Good" then and has gone up from there as a perennial juvenile in many notable musical comedies, and now has his place in radio. Now, as then a loyal

(continued on page 101)



No, this is not merely a "Figman" of our imagination, but the Great Max himself, as of the year 1906 A. D.

## GREAT NECK ACES IN SPORT Past and Present

by

DON OATLEY

Cartoons by D. O.

**B**EING styled as a modern and hampered by the lack of a long grey beard, the athletic reveries of this correspondent will only extend back a scant few years — about ten, to be exact.

My first contact with Great Neck in the sports whirl was before I owned allegiance to the Peninsula as the site of the family wigwam. Flushing High School claimed no particular laurels for the presence on its football squad of this commentator at the time we crossed blocks and tackles with Great Neck High.

That was back in the dear natal period of the grid sport here, and before the wizardry of "Bucky" Sears produced such high-caliber teams as those of 1930, '31, '34 and '35. Louis Goes was doing the fulminating as coach. And, considering the size of the squad with which he had to work, was doing a grand job of it.

Such names as "Du" Evans, Jimmy McManus, Ed Murray, Jack MacMurdo, Jack Forde, Jack Frame, Johnny Nelson, Bill and Jack Powers, the latter coming to an untimely end in an automobile accident in Flushing, are solidly forged as major links in the memory of the rooters of that time. For the period since then, the aforementioned "Bucky" will do the recounting.

There were also the so-called "Sunday teams", variously known as the Aces, A. C's and, lately, as the Great Neck Athletic Club. Perhaps they were a bit ragged in their play, but there was nothing frayed about the spirit of the Sunday gladiators who laid down collar bones, ribs, ankles and so on for the great god Sport.

Playing the better part of the season against a weird assortment of grid opponents drawn through the dubious files of a New York sports promoter, the locals made a really creditable showing. That showing was accounted

(continued on page 139)





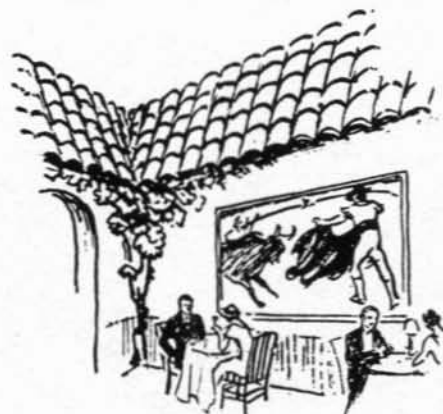
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## HORSES! HORSES! HORSES!

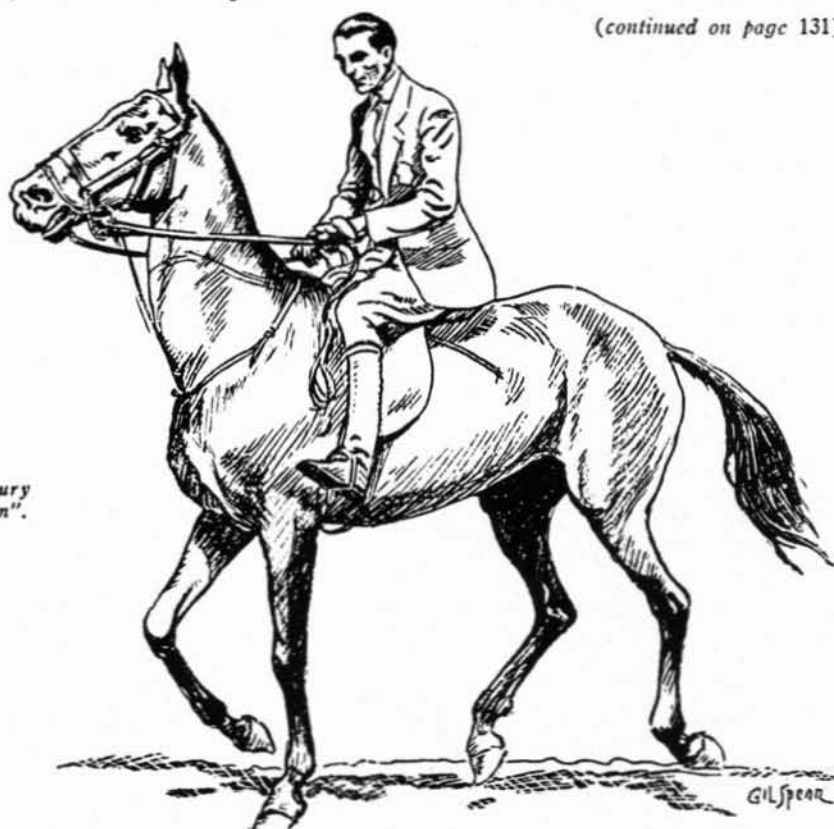
**G**REAT NECK has always been "crazy over horses" it would seem. Since as early as 1640, when the first equestrian emigrant appeared in these environs, the horse has been given precedent over all other four-footed friends of man. *Did you know, for instance, that this perfect peninsula was a "horse pasture" fenced off by the "founding Fathers" as such, before any white settler ever built a house here?* Our many miles of beautifully laid-out bridle paths in and about the vicinity to-day would attest to this self-evident fact even if the presence of a preponderance of pretty girls in riding togs seen daily in and around our main thoroughfares (on their way to or from adjacent "merry-go-rounds" we presume) were not a constant reminder of our predilection for equestrianism.

The North Shore of this insular paradise was the scene of the first Fox "Hunt" in America and has held its supremacy thru' three hundred years as the locale of the "hard-ridin'-hell-for-leather" huntin' set. So how can we help but point with pride to a comparatively recent addition to our celebrated colony of "Gentlemen Riders."

Tally Ho! We give you—Mr. Eric Atterbury, of our own Belgrave Square,—a horseman par-excellence and a name known to fame

(continued on page 131)

Mr. Eric Atterbury  
up, on "Wisdom".





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THE "BIG TIME" (continued)

Nearby are the estates of HARRY SINCLAIR, the oil magnate and ALFRED P. SLOAN of General Motors; also "Martin Hall" the mansion of DR. PRESTON P. SATTERWHITE, while MRS. CORD-MEYER and her sons GEORGE C. and J. EDWARD occupy neighboring places.

EGBERT E. LeCLUSE Justice of the Peace and one of the oldest merchants in Great Neck came here in 1895. He got off at the station (because it was the end of the line) and drove up to the old village in a rig; but the mud on Middle Neck Road was so deep that he bogged down and decided to become a permanent resident. "After I had been here a while", said the Judge, "we formed the Great Neck Improvement Society and installed 125 kerosene lamps along the road to the depot. JAKE SCHMIDT was elected 'lamplighter'. H. P. BOOTH and AUGUST ROESSLER were pioneers here who helped build up the place, together with ALFRED ALKER, ED. R. WINSLOW, ex-SENATOR JOHN A. KING and W. R. GRACE".

Judge LeCluse organized the "ALERT Volunteer fire department" and was "Chief" for six years. He gave RAYMOND HITCHCOCK that fireman's hat used by "Hitchie" in one of his stage successes. (Who, we wonder, donated ED WYNNE his Chief's hat of a later date?) The Judge, in closing made this telling comment on the good fellowship of Great Neck: "As a store-keeper, I have trusted a lot of actors here in a business way and I have never lost a cent, and—" he added, "I used to have a liquor license, too."

So—as immortal RING LARDNER might have said, "Great Neck is a great success!"



*No, Children, This Is Not Groucho Marx! (He came to Town Much Later.) It is None Other Than Judge E. E. LeCluse as he was in 1922.*

*Grand finale by the members of the Real Estate Board (Song: "Where do we go from here boys?") Curtain.*



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The charm of Russell Gardens has lately been enhanced by the addition of the newly erected house pictured above, a delightful Colonial design in a perfect setting of green lawn and silver birch trees.

The living room is finished in delicate French grey, the wood panelling on the side is a lovely background for the Colonial fireplace faced with verte antique marble. One of the bedrooms boasts a dressing room with triple full-length mirrors and a dressing table entirely of mirrors. Three complete baths and first floor lavatory are among the assets of this perfectly planned house.

From the entrance hall, a door leads to

the panelled game room below, which is entered through a foyer of the same knotty cypress as is the room itself.

The house is insulated from cellar to roof with four inches of rock wool, while an ultra modern summer cooling system guarantees all-weather comfort.

The excellent craftsmanship, the careful attention to detail, and the good taste shown throughout, make this an especially desirable house.

The use of all privileges of Russell Gardens—tennis courts, swimming pools and park—goes with the property rights. For further details, see

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ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES AT GREAT NECK HIGH (continued)

The 2nd team line-up:

L.E.	CLARENCE LIPSKY	6' 1"	180
R.E.	ANTHONY GATOVINSKI	6' 2"	175
L.T.	DUDLEY SAUNDERS	5' 9"	185
R.T.	EDWARD HOLTORF	6'	185
L.G.	JAMES COOTE	5' 11"	165
R.G.	FRANCIS HAUSER	5' 9"	160
C.	EDWARD FRANK	6'	185
Q.B.	EDWARD CODY	5' 10"	155
L.H.B.	EDWARD KETCHAM	5' 7"	150
R.H.B.	WILLIAM BINKIEWICZ	5' 9"	165
F.B.	HERBERT GREGORY	5' 9"	200

And how these two teams could have "gone to town" if they'd ever met. The "play off" would be a classic — and a toss-up: But I'll have to string along with my No. 1. selection: They're "the tops".

Both these teams, however, would be a source of delight to any college coach in the country. Every one of the boys named could make a "big time" college team and many of them have.

In "Jimmy" Fraser and "Don" Bangert we had two big, strapping ends whose theory of play was to crash into the opposing back field with an abandon that split the interference apart and both were deadly tacklers and fast in getting down field under punts. "Boney" Lipsky and "Garro" Gatavinski were splendid pass receivers.

First place at the all important tackle positions must go to Weeks and Oatley, the two giants of the 1930 team who were in a class by themselves. However they would be closely pressed by "Eddie" Holtorf and "Dud" Saunders of later teams. These two were towers of strength and the type of boys that a coach delights to have on his team.

Of the guards mentioned, Penfold and Spear — the two "Gils" who would give the breath of life to any man's football squad — were most powerful on defense and power plays directed thru' their position just didn't come off; but in Hauser and Coote a coach would have a pair who were fast enough to run good interference and block to perfection.

"Butch" Wynperle is no doubt the first choice at center. Big, fast and aggressive he made the ideal type for this difficult job. "Eddie" Frank was faster, however, a surer tackler and splendidly suited in backing up a line.

We have had very fine back field material at G.N.H.S. all during my regime, but I honestly believe the ones named on my 1st "All" team would be stronger in most departments of the game than those chosen in 2nd place; 'tho' all of the numerous "Eddies" have been equally "edifying" in their special abilities. "Eddy" Arbotowitz for instance would have made an ideal running mate for "Eddy" Kringle had they played in the same years; while "Eddy" Ketcham and "Eddy" Cody tho' nearly as fast were lighter and more fragile but equally brilliant in their indi-

ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES AT GREAT NECK HIGH (continued)

vidual play. "Herbie" (Beau) Gregory ran only second to the immortal Kringle as a star full back. (Perhaps his name should have been "Eddie" too.)

"Red" (Binkie) Binkiewicz has one year yet to play at the High School. He has a fine competitive spirit and is one of the best blocking backs I have ever had. He may turn out to be another "1st" on future "All Greats".

This list would not be complete, however, without honorable mention of other outstanding members of the squads who might have ranked stardom in any other company:

Among them I remember:—Joe Alexey, John Leach, Joe Brown, Crawford Patton, Pete Gragis, Ray Dryer and Bill Goss at ends. Art Blakey, Carl Watson, Dunc Hunter, John Morrow, Joe Mulada, "Red" Metzger, Manny Rainson and John Hoey at tackles. Ed Lippincott, "Yosh" Cissik, Doug Bangert, Dick Gaffney, Joe Talbot, Joe Kernel, Jim Manzione and Tommy Dugan at guards. Dick Renshaw, Harold Mills, Malcolm Uhl and Dale Scott as centers. While the "stand-out" back field men in my memory are: "Pete" Gruden, "Sonny" Ninesling, Chas. Lipsky, Lawrence Lefkowitz, Bob Minnick, Franklin Marks, Dominic Dennis, Alvin Bullen, Jack Larrigan, John "Scotty" Owens and "Bunny" Reed (These last four playing inspired football on our lightweight champions of 1935).

For sheer power both offensively and defensively however, I have never seen a high school team which was better endowed than the "Big" one which represented us in 1930. They would have done credit to any college. A fast, powerful line behind which ran four backs who made up the New York State Championship Relay Team. This super team was captained by Charles Oatley, a giant right tackle, his running mate was "Deacon" Weeks who used his six feet two in height and two hundred and fifteen pounds in the most devastating fashion. At guards Lippincott and Coote packed a lot of authority, both were fast enough to pull out of line and run interference and both had fine defensive ability. The center position was more than ably filled by "Eddie" Frank and "Butch" Wynperle, two big, fast boys who were an asset both on defense and offense. Wynperle later became a tackle and a good aggressive one I must say.

At left end John Leach was a tower of strength; he possessed an ideal competitive spirit that made him an exceptional player. At right end Peter Gragis, although a "rookie" played a fine game; steadied and aided by Captain Oatley he did his best work on offense where his ability as a blocker made him stand out. In the back field Dave Porter at quarter, Dan Wright and Eddie Kringle at the half back positions and "Beau" Gregory at full, with Eddie Ketcham and Larry Lefkowitz in reserve set at rest any fears a coach might have had. Porter was a splendid field general, an excellent blocker and a fine boy on reverse



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ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES AT GREAT NECK HIGH (continued)

plays; being exceptionally fast he was often out in the open before our opponents were aware that he was carrying the ball. "Lug" Wright was our "Triple Threat", a swell ball carrier both on sweeps and cut-backs he also was a fine forward passer and punter. Eddie Kringle is no doubt the best back produced on the North Shore in many years, endowed with a remarkable physique and a great competitive urge he stands out second to none.

"Beau" Gregory for all his weight was exceptionally fast. He was the "Power House" of our backfield. A left handed passer and kicker, he was also keen on diagnosing plays from his position as defensive full back.

But the "little" team of 1935 must be given the palm for sheer nerve and courage. The enviable record they made was due in great part to the fighting spirit they possessed. I have never had a team physically equipped with less weight and natural ability but never have I had one which showed more determination and "what it takes". Each boy played as a cog in the machine to the complete obliteration of self. They were lucky in having "Don" Bangert as their captain. This boy was an inspiration to the whole team and led them, not by pleading and exhortation but by excellent example.

To pick out individual members of this team who did exceptional work would be difficult for they played as a unit. Their victory over a powerful Flushing team was accomplished purely and simply by each boy doing his job and doing it well. That sort of a team can't be beaten. The regular line-up of the team was as follows: Don Bangert and Ray Dryer, Ends. Carl Watson, Dave Metzger and Joe Mulada, Tackles. Doug Bangert, Joe Kernel, James Manzione and John Cissik, Guards. Harold Mills, Center. "Red" Binkiewicz, "Bunny" Reed, Jack Larian and "Scotty" Owens, Backs.

Don Bangert and Binkiewicz were chosen for the all Nassau County team for 2nd time in two years while Bangert was picked by Lou Little and most of the New York sports writers for a place on the All Metropolitan Team.

Follows a list of the Captains of Teams in all sports at Great Neck High School.

FOOTBALL:	1929. Joseph Alexey. 1930. Charles Oatley. 1931. Joe Brown. 1932. Edward Kringle. 1933. Gilbert Penfold. 1934. Ed. Arbowitz. 1935. Donald Bangert. 1936. Harold Mills, (deceased).
BASKET BALL:	1929. David Porter. 1930. David Porter. 1931. Edward Ketcham. 1932. Clarence Lipsky. 1933. Clarence Lipsky. 1934. Peter Gruden. 1935. Emillion Lunewski.
SOCCER:	1930. Franklin Feirestein. 1932. Charles Becker. 1933. John Johnson.
WRESTLING:	1930. William Wynperle. 1931. Wm. Wynperle. 1932. Wm. Wynperle. 1934. David Power. 1935. David Power. 1936. Bruce Minnick.

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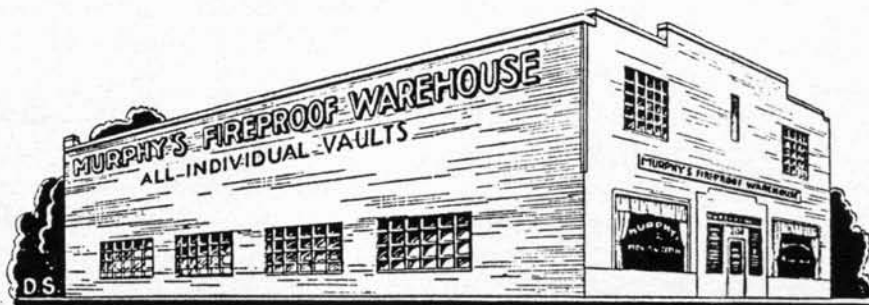
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ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES AT GREAT NECK HIGH *(continued)*

- TRACK: 1930. Robert Minnick. 1931. John Minnick. 1932. Edward Ketcham. 1933. Chester Oates. 1934. John Cody. 1935. and 6. William Goss.
- TENNIS: 1932. Robert Bielaski. 1933. Lloyd Dowdy. 1934. Courtier Parsons. 1935. James Herbig. 1936. Phillip Moore.
- BASE BALL: 1930. Robert Clark. 1931. George Legratt. 1932. William Slocum.

Due to the change in policy in colleges and high schools as concerns varsity teams we have discontinued inter-scholastic competition in soccer and base ball. Furthermore we are making every effort to make it attractive for every boy in the school to take part in some form of athletic activity. In this effort we have been highly successful. From an enrollment of over 700 boys over 90% take part in some sports. In place of one soccer team we had last fall 16 full teams and last spring we had 22 baseball teams on the diamonds. And let me say that I believe our equipment and facilities for sports both indoor and out to be unsurpassed by any school of our class in the country. And the spirit of the student body to excel all others.

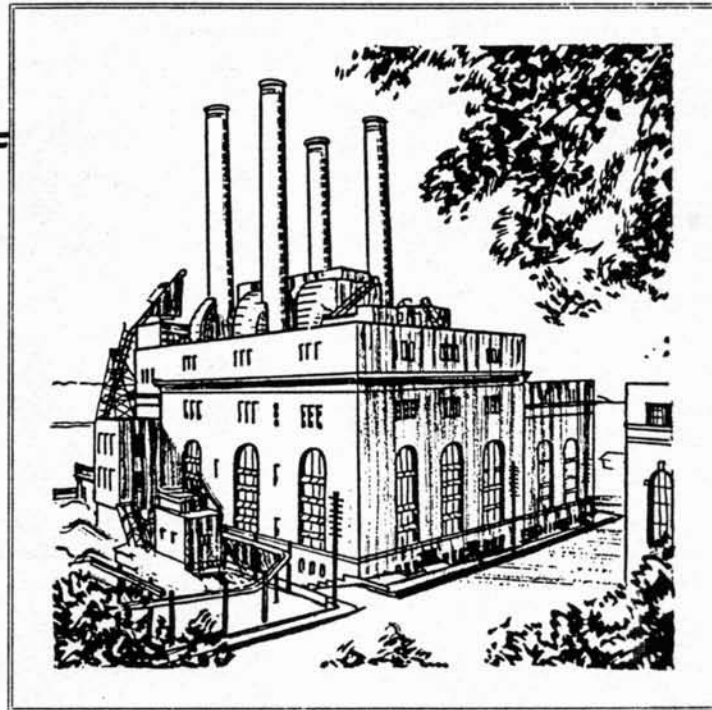
We offer recreation in the following branches of sports:

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"Great Neck". Ernest Truex was becoming famous for his spritely playing in "Six-Cylinder Love". With their two boys Phil and James, "Ernie" and his wife occupied a lovely house down on the edge of Little Neck Bay. He only deserted us to "click" in the "flickers".

Remember "THE VAGABOND KING"? Well! Dennis King who starred in it and with whom I was honored to be associated in the same production, is another of the galaxy of star names belonging to this celestial scene. "Dennis" has gone on and on in the world of theatre since then in an exhibition of versatility that might make one forget his marvelous singing voice (but he still lives in Great Neck). And speaking of singers; James Wolf, at one time the basso of the Metropolitan Opera, was another of the stellar group that gave Great Neck the prestige of being called the town which boasted "more stars per acre than any other community in the world".

Ed Wynne, whose insane comedy is famous throughout the stage, screen and radio fields had—and has—an impressive tepee in Kensington. After a short absence he is now again "At home" on Arleigh Road.

"Larry" Schwab and Frank Mandel, producers of "The New Moon" in which I had the pleasure of appearing, (and which Ye Ed too, had the fun of making the posters) both "Live in Great Neck and Enjoy Life" as do their wives and charming children.

Frank Tours one of the country's most outstanding musical directors, (from the "Follies" long series up to the more recent staging of "The Great Waltz" hit) is just "another local" as is Albert Von Tilzer, composer of countless popular song hits since time immemorial.

Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer (Santley) both stars in their own right have had a home in the Estates for years. "Joe" is directing musical movies on the California coast now but his heart is right here still.

Stanley Ridges, identified with many Theatre Guild successes, and his sweet wife, Dorothy, and daughter "Sugar" help swell the Kensington contingent of dramatis personae.

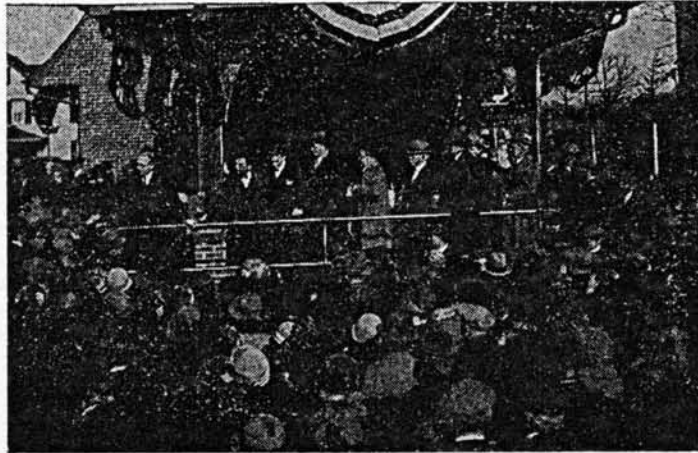
"The March of the Mastodons" across the wrestling arenas of the East can be attributed almost entirely to our own "Mons. Jaques" Curley, whose boxing and sports coups through the years have been legion. He has always lived here apparently, and is the only local resident that we know of who has a body of water named after him. The frequent collections of rain water in front of his house used to be known as "The Curley Lakes".

I spent one winter down in Florida making a movie with that beloved screen star Thomas Meighan, that made two of Great Neck's theatrical colony pioneers absent at the same time (and were we Home-sick?) "Tommy" was the juvenile in "The Return of PETER GRIMM" in the early days but made his indelible mark on the silent screen. He still lives down in Grenwolde and loves this neck of the woods.

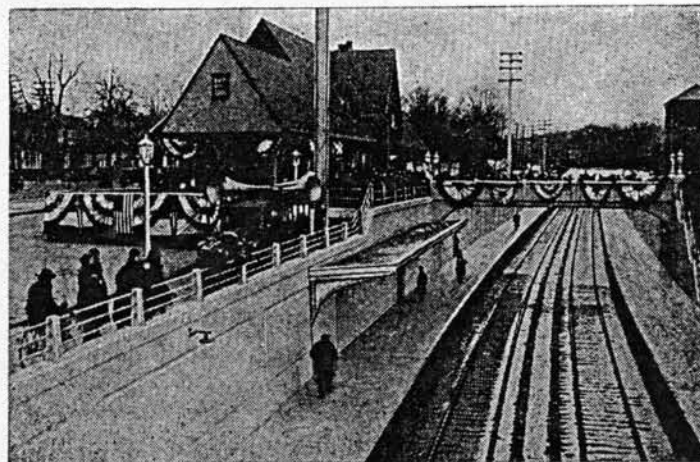
The late Raymond Hitchcock, one of the most beloved comedians of our times and Flora Zabelle, his talented wife lived down on King's Point. No one who ever saw them can forget "Hitchie's" performances in "The Yankee Consul" and in "Hitchy-Koo" and many other equally eloquent portrayals of the genius that was his as an entertainer.

Well, in the theatre we always must ring down a curtain. Night after night. And now it comes time to call the "Lights out" finale on this bit of reminiscence. But the "Curtain" must be held for one, all too brief, moment while I step to the dimmed footlights and say a word for one of the most beloved members of my profession who, above all others, was, perhaps, best known and well-liked by all classes of true Great Neckers. I mean, of course, the one and only Jack Hazzard (sholem malachem!) who was the first wit of his time and honored our town with its slogan: "Live in Great Neck and Enjoy Life." He did!

# GREAT NECK PROGRESS



*Bunting and bands in 1925—when the new station replaced the old.*



*Bunting and bands in 1935—when the Middle Neck Crossing was eliminated.*

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haven't a photo of that gala day but the miracle of film was still a year away.

The second was in 1925 . . . when the Long Island Rail Road erected the present modern station at a cost of \$50,000. By this time the camera had its eye trained on Great Neck – and here you see everybody out for the great event.

Ten years later, or 1935 . . . came the third. Here, amid the flutter of bunting and the blare of bands, orators poured into sound apparatus a permanent record of further progress...the elimination of the Middle Neck grade crossing at a cost of \$600,000.

All three developments have been of mammoth importance to Great Neck.

But deeper even than the

obvious values are the intrinsic ones. Great Neck's civic pride and the Long Island Rail Road's cooperation have jointly expanded the village's commuting populace from a tiny band of 200 a month in 1905 to 1,600 a month. What's more, Great Neck has 200 more commuters a month now than in 1929 – so that its growth is continuous despite all economic repercussions. And its realty values have increased in two generations more than twenty-fold!

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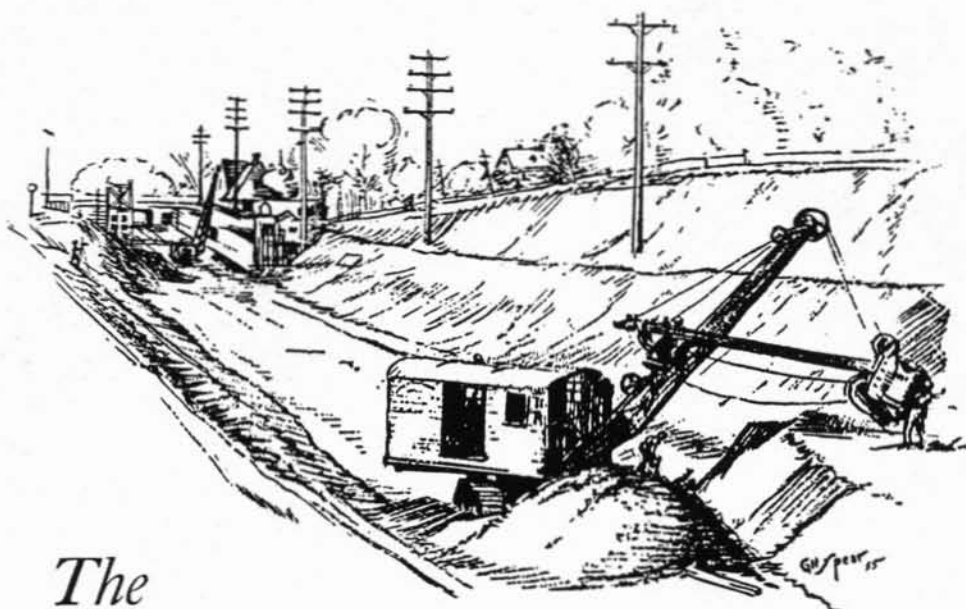
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WHY I LIVE IN GREAT NECK (*continued*)

Great Neck is sufficiently distant to serve as a safeguard against the impositions of New Yorkers who would be a constant nuisance, if you lived in the city. I find that such New Yorkers as are worth seeing are quite willing to come to Great Neck, and that the others who are not worth bothering about are easily kept out of the way. And whenever I am caught in a group of New York bores or all-night roisterers, I extract a time-table from my pocket, invent a conveniently departing train, and beat a quick retreat. I have many kinds of friends in Great Neck: some are workers in the arts whom I see from time to time in order to keep my wits sharpened and my competitive instincts burning; others are business folk whose companionship helps to take me out of my own special worries and preoccupations. I work at home in surroundings that are clean and quiet and conducive to my best efforts; with trees and a small garden which I occasionally and unskilfully cultivate—for my own purposes I could not ask for more, and I am likely to be around for a long time.

And there are the schools! You have heard of them and they deserve their fame. I am an ardent advocate of public schools, and one of them, the Kensington School, I have put to a practical test. My seven-year-old boy is a pupil there, and as a good parent and a teacher of considerable experience, I have watched his development with pronounced delight.

(*continued on page 111*)



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WHY I LIVE IN GREAT NECK (*continued*)

What could be a more profound satisfaction, after a sweltering day in the midsummer heats of New York; after the sizzling plunge through the tunnel, the ride through the eyesores of Woodside, the ramshackle architecture of Corona, and the celebrated ash heaps of Flushing, than the relaxing joys of your home in Great Neck? A satisfaction, I might say, intensified by the cool, clean, freshly painted, air-conditioned luxuries of the Long Island trains. But I have touched upon a sorry topic. I mention it to show that we in Great Neck are not cursed with perfection—we have disadvantages which prevent us from becoming too boastful and complacent.

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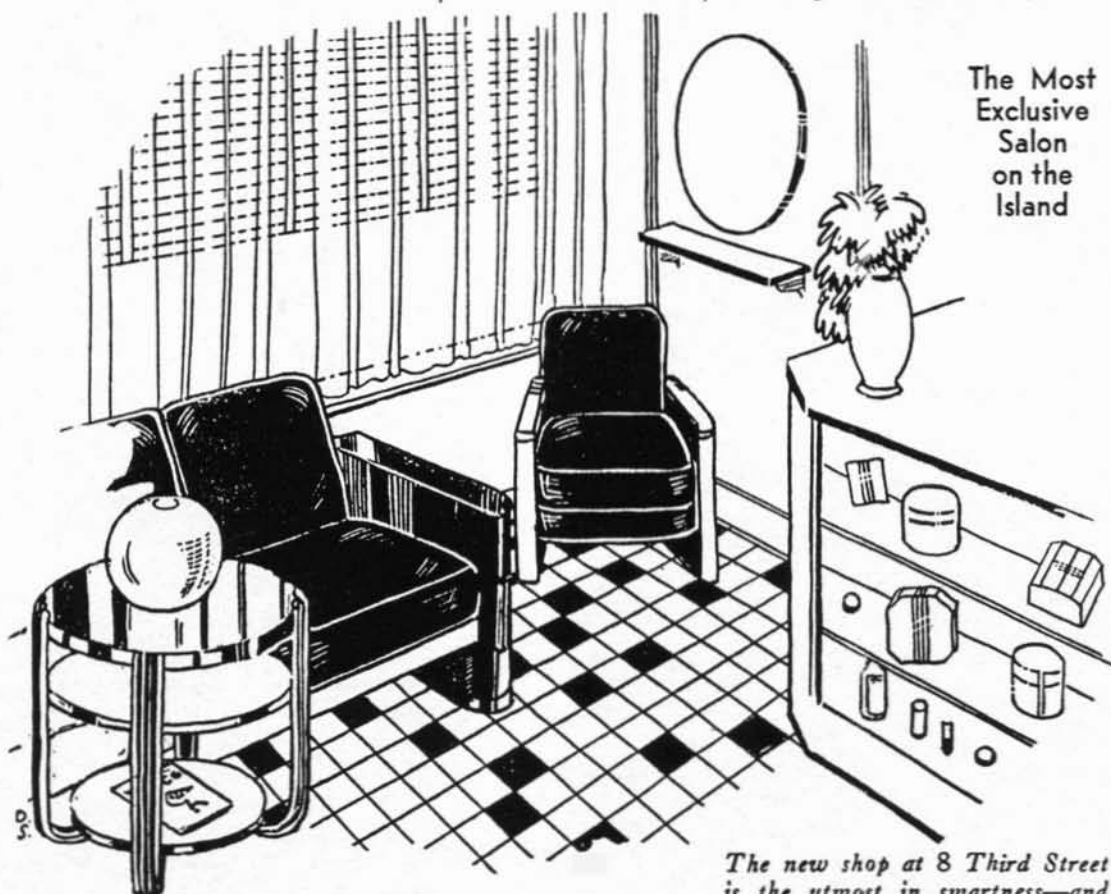
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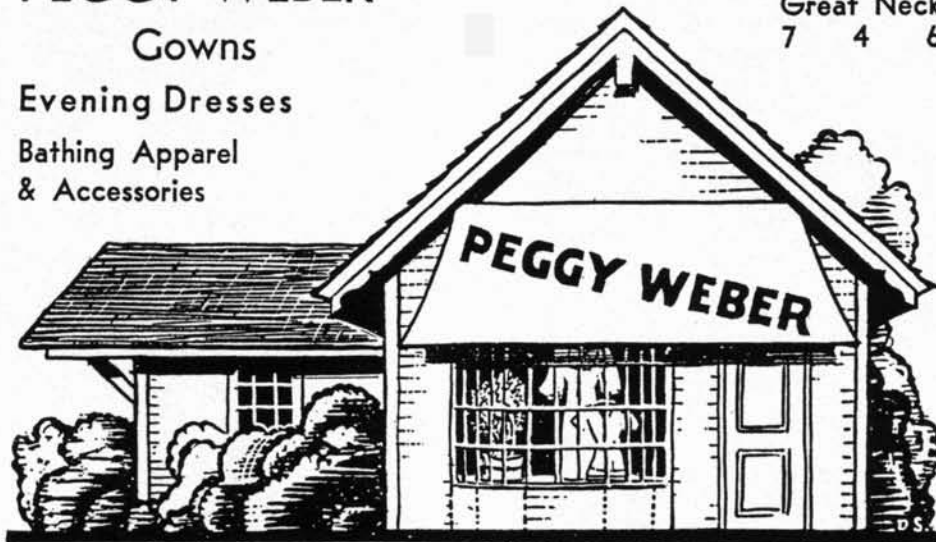
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Principal of District School No. Seven, once lived. The house now occupied by Dr. Keays was then owned by Thomas Willitts. The house between Woolley's Lane and the Brook was the old home of the Woolley family—John Henry Woolley lived there when I was a boy. (It is now the Andrew's place.) From the Brook up to Baker's Lane (now only marked by a line of big trees,) was an open field. On the corner of Old Mill Road another very old house stood under a large black walnut tree, it was then occupied by the local butcher (George Bond who had his back broken in the Sewanacka S. S. disaster) but was the property of Benjamin W. Allen who lived in what we now know as the W. S. Brokaw place.

From the Baker (old) gate you would have seen a house on the north side of the Lane about 100 yards from Main (Middle Neck?) Road, this house was rented out by Mills P. Baker, and that reminds me; Baker's first barn, on the site of the present one was burned down some time ago, it was over 100 feet long and built of oak timbers that were felled and hewn in Harriet Allen's woods (now Saddle Rock); Baker must have bought them from the Allen's estate about 1848 or earlier. Going on north there was a heavy growth of locust trees on Baker's land (all of which was originally owned by Van Wyck Hewlett); this growth was not very deep east and west but was quite heavy and got much wider as you neared the house of Henry K. Hayden on top of the hill. Oh, yes! I remember another of those very old little houses standing about where the Manhattan Food store now is. I wonder what happened to it. John Hauser, a Civil War vet, lived there with his wife and sons, John and Henry.

Henry K. Hayden, carpenter (son of John K., also a carpenter), married "Aunt Lizzie" Allen and had three sons—Alfred A., William H. and John S. Hayden and a daughter Mary who married Wm. H. Ellard. This family lived then in the house that stands just south of the Alert Fire Hall.



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Church Choir: Thursday, 8:15 p.m.

Church School Choir: Saturdays, 10:00 a.m.

Servers, Crucifers, and Lay Readers: Thursdays, 7:30 p.m.

Young People's Fellowship: Mondays, 8:00 p.m.

Drama Club: First and Third Tuesdays, 8:00 p.m.

Scout Troop 108: Fridays, 8:00 p.m.

The members of the vestry are: rector, Rev. Alexander McKechnie; wardens, Moses R. Schenck and Col. Arthur S. Dwight; vestrymen, Messrs. Silas McBee (clerk), Clifford R. Schenck (treasurer), William S. Barstow, Kenneth F. Cooper, Gilbert Stoutenburgh, Robert A. Ellard, Hazen L. Hoyt, Hugh W. MacNair, John R. MacFerran, William J. Gregory, J. Edward Meyer, and Henry M. Shaw.

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The Altar Chapter: Mrs. Clifford R. Schenck.

Parish Day Guild: Miss Emily Childs, Honorary; Mrs. William W. Mathews.

St. Margaret's Guild: Mrs. David C. Byrne.

Choir Guild: Mrs. Charles W. Laffin; Mrs. Gemma D. Stewart, Honorary.

Choirs: Mr. Hugh McAmis, Organist-Choirmaster; Mrs. Edward Frank, Assistant.

Servers, Crucifers, Lay Readers: Director, Rev. Alexander McKechnie.

Young People's Fellowship: Allan Salt.

Drama Club: Charles Harlow.

Scouts: Troop Committee, Mr. Stanley Ketcham; Scoutmaster, Mr. Alfred Sturge.

Church School Superintendents: Kindergarten, Mrs. Mathew Smith; Primary, Mrs.

Edwin Clark, Mrs. Gerald B. Faigle, assistant; Junior, Mrs. Alexander McKechnie; Senior (Junior Congregation), the rector.

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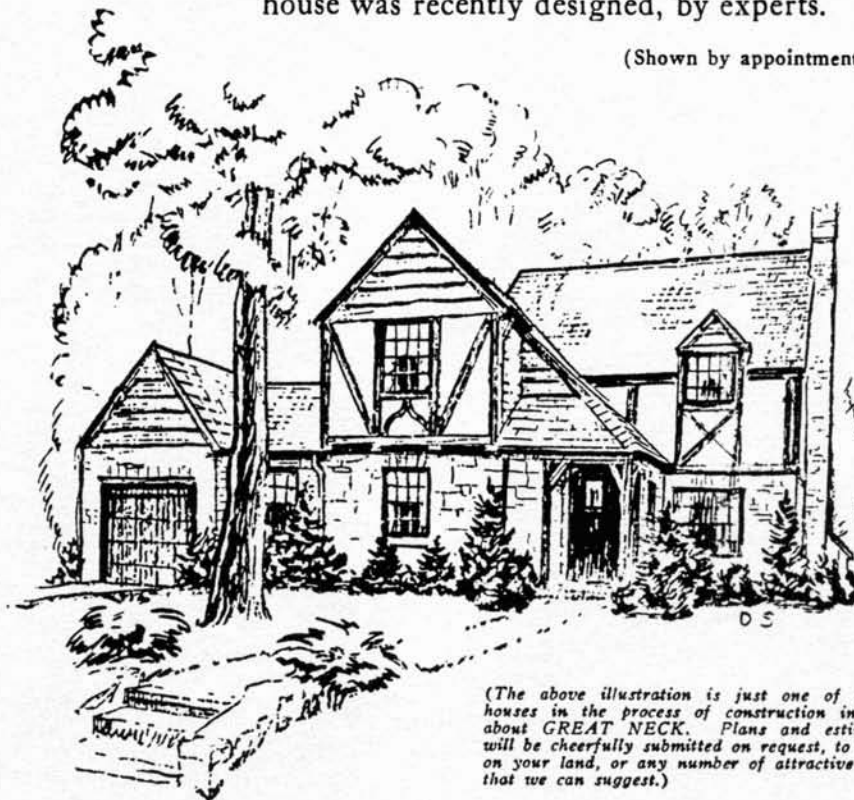
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(The above illustration is just one of many houses in the process of construction in and about GREAT NECK. Plans and estimates will be cheerfully submitted on request, to build on your land, or any number of attractive sites that we can suggest.)



NEWPORT OF THE SOUND (*continued*)

We danced much — waltzes, lancers, Virginia reels. What is more, we had been carefully taught to dance.

Occasionally there would be a barn dance. The stables were large and handsomely finished and made a good background for decorations of all sorts—flags, bunting and flowers, etc. We used many bright Japanese lanterns, each with a candle inside and had besides, huge kerosene lamps with reflectors. We wore almost anything in the way of fancy costumes excepting court dress, which was inappropriate for a barn.

There was a new dance called "dancing in the barn" which some of us taught the others, and rather scandalized the chaperones. You took two or three running steps, then your partner grabbed you and you waltzed a few steps, repeating this process while the music lasted. This music had to come from town and stay over night. I remember one band who obligingly slept on the hay in our barn, the house being filled to its utmost capacity.

In those days we took our social positions seriously. There was an endless round of calling and receiving calls. Every day by three we sallied forth with our very pretty card cases; or were ready, properly gowned, to receive guests. We had long calling lists which we kept carefully, and revised often.

Once a year we were supposed to exchange visits with every one on our lists. I always tried to accomplish ten visits in an afternoon if I had luck. Many people did not consider it anything but a social amenity to

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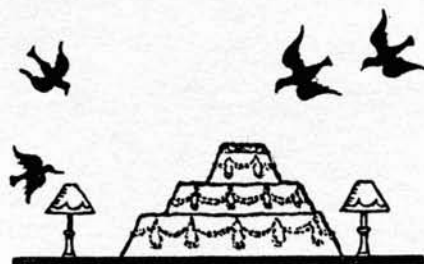
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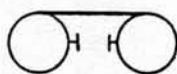


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## NEWPORT OF THE SOUND (continued)

have "Not at home" announced at the door, if they found it convenient to do so. My Puritan conscience did not allow this luxury.

There were many general gathering places. To begin with, nearly everyone went to church or were looked at rather askance if they did not go occasionally.

There were garden parties. Some people had regular tennis afternoons while others had mornings at home, often with very good amateur music. In those days there was much of that. Besides this there were luncheons and dinners, long delicious meals. I wonder how we ate so much. Two hours at a meal was nothing unusual.

I was in one of the big old houses a little while ago. Its mistress said to me, "do you realize that this house was built with only one bathroom?" An expensive up-to-date house it had been. You had one kitchen in a house, and one bathroom!

The big old Hewlett house we lived in our first summers, with its ten bedrooms, had absolutely no modern conveniences. My mother asked for a set of bath tubs the first summer and screens the next.

Fortunately the Sound was handy. That wonderful Sound with its many sailing ships! We had to say, a ship, a "bark" and a "barkentine", a "brig" and a "brigantine"; the Sound was filled with them, and excursion barges towed by tugs to the picnic grounds that dotted the Sound. We had two in Great Neck.

We had delightful times with our small sail boats. No auxiliaries of

NEWPORT OF THE SOUND (continued)

course, if the breeze died you waited until it came back. As late as Theodore Roosevelt's Presidency, we waited outside Oyster Bay in the Meyer's beautiful big yacht without breeze enough to land, only to be blown home in time for dinner.

When I reached Great Neck I was just about finishing school. The following winter I made my debut.

In those days they called the debutantes "rosebuds". A pretty name appropriate perhaps, for young women who found soap bubble parties exciting, but hardly appropriate for the debutante of today.

Happy countries they say, have no history; so please remember that, if you find my reminiscences rather common place.

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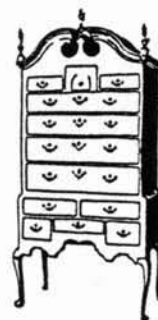
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The shop where **INTERIORS** are produced  
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#### DOWN MEMORY LANE (Cont'd)

Going back to Udall's Mill Road, on the west side of Middle Neck Road, was the land of Benjamin W. Allen from the brook to the top of the hill where Washington Quackenboss Huton's house stood about 40 feet back from the road. Next came three little tenement cottages owned by John Breuer (grandfather of J. Edward, the auctioneer). Henry "the First" Ninesling used to live in one of these places.

The Roman Catholic Church was being built in 1876, a wooden building right next to the Union Free Church; then, on the corner of Beach Road was the grocery store run by Joe and Charlie Breuer. North of the Alert's on the east side was "The Jacob Schenck House" where Chas. Austin lived, and next to it the home and carpenter shop of James M. Carpenter and then the house of Edward Raymond Gilliar (father of John B. and grandfather of the Gilliar boys who now run our drug, liquor and other businesses). Old E. R. was a stone mason in the early days. Next Gilliar's was the house and candy store of Henry Lahr, who was a baker by trade, and back about 100 yards from the road lived James Quinn, a farmer. The Tem-

(continued on page 134)

## QUIET MAY Oil Burner

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The playground seems literally alive with boys in white athletic shirts and trunks—but there really are only some two hundred boys playing soccer, football and engaging in other after school activities which will continue to long after four o'clock. Do they enjoy it? Well, they are not requested to stay!

There are still so many things to show you—the Manual Training room, the Cafeteria, the Domestic Science room, the Costume room and — etc.

But please let your guide give you one message from the Faculty: —“The pupils are taught to live each second to the best and fullest extent and to face bravely and fairly everything which confronts them.”

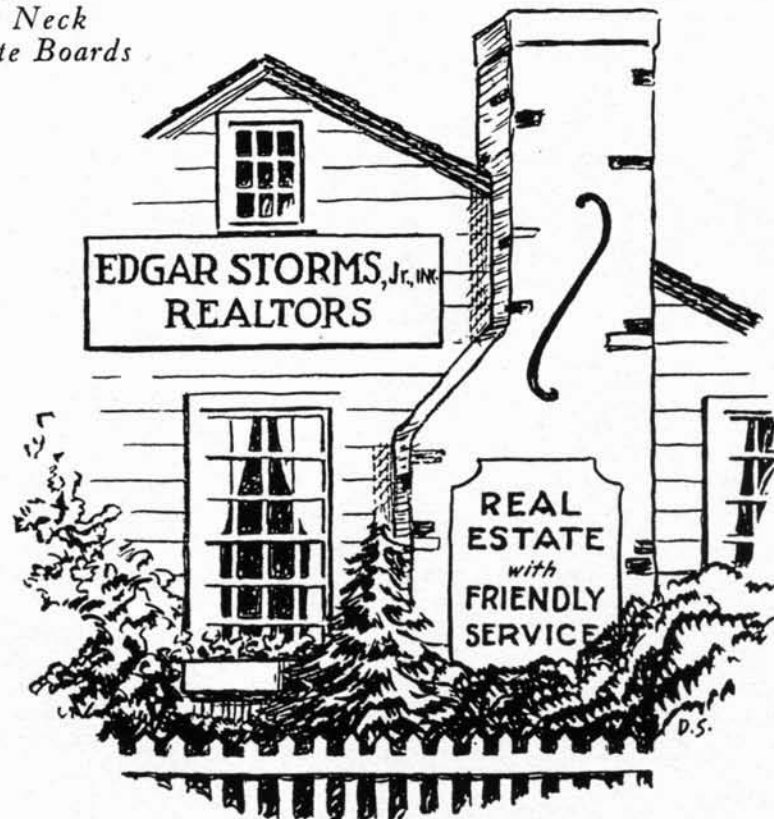
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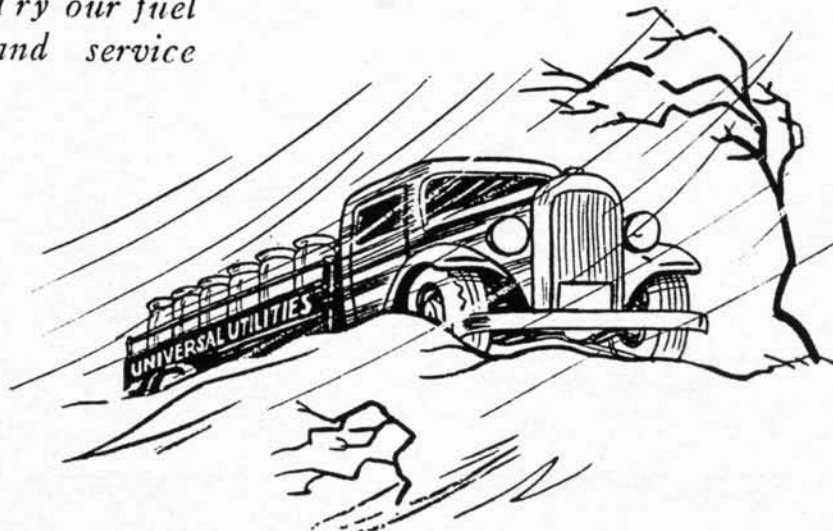
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Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck

Great Neck 969



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The house illustrated is a Cape Cod Colonial brick and stone combination, on a plot 60x105. Six large rooms and bath, extra lavatory and separate shower, oil burner, brass plumbing, heavy slate roof, gaily decorated recreation room, heated garage with overhead door.

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HORSES, HORSES, HORSES (*Cont'd*) in world-wide sporting circles before selecting this section as his "happy hunting ground." Mr. Atterbury was born in Bulowayo, Southern Rhodesia, where his father was closely associated with the great Cecil Rhodes in the development of the famous gold fields, — (and a trustee, may we add, of the Rhodes Scholarship Commission that has sent so many of our youth to fine achievement in colleges abroad). Young Eric was educated in England and at an extremely early age "took to the saddle." He was a member of the "Household Brigade Drag Hounds at Windsor" — which would mean, in the vernacular, that he hunted with the present King when he was the Prince of Wales and the officers of the Household Cavalry Body Guard at the Castle.

He also rode with the renowned Pytchley Hounds and with the Old Berkeley, and was a follower of the Whaddon Chase, the "Belvoir," "Cottesmore," "Grafton and Fernies."

When "Dick", the entry of the internationally known Belgian banker, Alfred Lowenstein won the "Daily Mail" cup at Olympia over a field of 62 entries in 1923, who do you think was "up". Righto! "Mr. Eric Atterbury," none other.

The famous Grasslands Steeplechase Course in Tennessee was designed by our new-found local M.F.H. (Master of Future Horsemen — and women — in this case) and, as our local enthusiasts well know, Mr. Atterbury is a distinguished referee at the Meadowbrook polo chukkers. Need we say more.

(continued on page 137)

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Lewis service has enjoyed the confidence of your progressive community for more than 30 years . . . We're proud of the fact — and pledge the facilities of our organiza-

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To this new division of our business, we invite the attention of Great Neck residents. If you are planning a new burner installation, we suggest that you call LEWIS first! (Phone Number below)



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DOWN MEMORY LANE (Cont'd)

perance Hall (an old school building) was on the corner of "George Smith's Lane" (now Fairview Road) and from there up to about opposite Beach Road was a row of large locust trees, until you came to the wheelwright shop run by Bender & Palmer next to the little house occupied by Charlie Bender. Then the place of John Struder, who at one time was the village blacksmith (now Thurston's Cycle Shop). Then the houses of L. C. Ketcham, carpenter, and Adam Miller, shoemaker, and on the corner of "Ben" Hick's Lane was the Sam E. Hayden property.

On the west side of Middle Neck Road, going north was the Post Office and General Store of Nehemiah Hayden (son of John K.), whose house was attached to the store. The fact that the post office was the meeting place of the village and that there were so many Haydens about led this part of the Neck to be called "Haydenville" in those days.



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146 CUTLER MILL ROAD  
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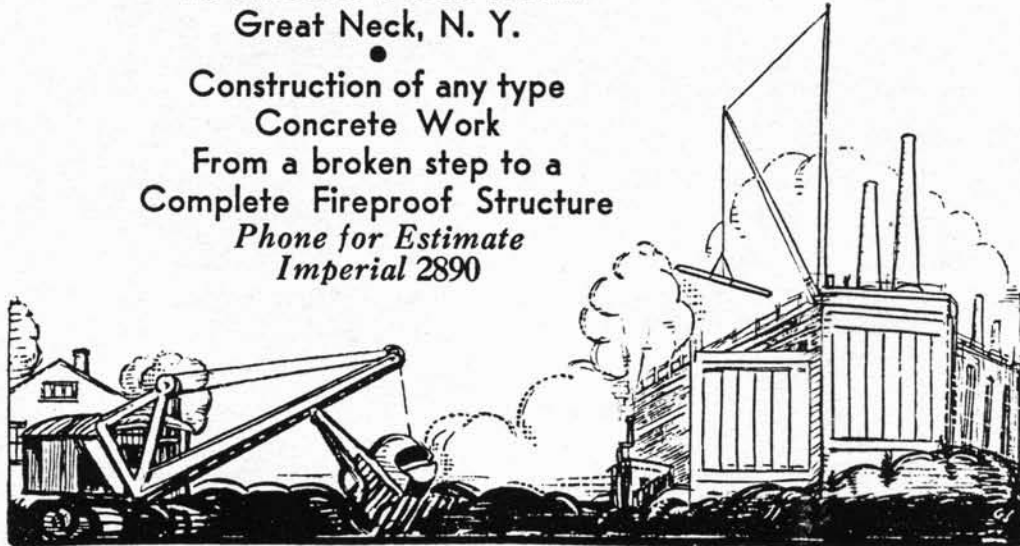
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*Corner Middle Neck Rd. and Linden Blvd.  
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**VALET SERVICE**  
that has been our pride and your satisfaction since 1920, that dry cleans and presses your clothing with outstanding thoroughness.

A custom tailoring department that is up to the minute and patronized by many particular citizens.

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Yes! Of course we must. Mrs. Marguerite Atterbury (nee Preece) is a well-known horse-woman in her own right, whose father owns and operates the Preece Polo fields in Westbury, Long Island, and Palm Beach, Florida. Let us rise to a toast to these splendid (stable) citizens of Great Neck's Belgravia and wish them—in the old language of the Matinicocke tribe: "Good Hunting!" The command is "To Horse! Great Neck Cavalry!" "Atta bury!"



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*Long Island*

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Home and  
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## GREAT NECK ACES IN SPORT *(continued)*

for by such locally heroic figures as the brothers Erskine, Bill and Al, Lou Manzano, "Shaver" Nelson, the ebullient Powers boys, Glyn Evans, Joe Alexsey, the man who was always expected to fall apart but never did, and a host of others.

Then came the reorganization of the Great Neck Athletic Club. With it came what is frequently referred to as the dawn of the Golden Age in the local grid whirl. Marching in the forefront of recent football heroes were Eddy Proffitt, Pro Gedman, "Wee Scot" MacMurdo, Bob Griffin, "Skippy" Bedell who was later drowned in Lake Champlain, "Butch" Wynperle, Herb "Beau" Gregory, Charley Manillo, Jerry Spear, Barry Barrington, Tommy Dugan, Sonny Ninesling and others. You doubtless can remember other names that have been outstanding with the Big Green.

Baseball on the Peninsula has always been a fairly strong forte for the locals. The A. C. nines and the former high school diamond representatives have been so closely interwoven as to make the job of separating them into two groups almost impossible without entailing a lot of repetition. You may also remark that many of the baseball names figured in football, well, that's how it was.

Ed Murray, Lou Manzano, Frank Gerson, Frank and Johnny Ruris, Joe Diener, "Yow" Alexsey, Jesse Kaufman, Anecito "Poker" Gatoutas and Ed "Motion" Maher have been identified with the baseball picture hereabout for as far back as this memory goes.

Taken year by year, the record they have achieved has been pretty consistently good. Of course, they lost a lot of games but they won enough more than they lost to keep interest at a fairly high peak. Of late there seems to have been some sort of malignant malais seeping into the rooting part of sports with the result that attendance at games has fallen off to a marked degree. But the teams are still giving as good an account of themselves as ever — more than which cannot be reasonably asked for.

The outgrowth of the peach basket, that game called basketball has long been an established favorite with Great Neck's athletes. And they have acquitted themselves with more than passing valor. When I first arrived in this neck of the woods, the hoopsters at the High School were performing with considerable skill, much to the confoundment of the vaunted rivals. That was in the days of "Dutch" Warmuth, George "Iggy" Fileman, Hugh Evans, Ed Murray and Bill "Poodle" Stevens.

What with the old order changing and all that a well-behaved old order should do, came a new group to carry on the court rivalry. In that group were Bill and Charles Lipsky, Johnny Thorsen, Wis Marson, Frank Ruris, Don and Ken MacWatt, Harry Dunn, Bob and Henry Meade (George Meade made his name in football), all performing with great agility and skill under the aegis of the Great Neck Athletic Club.

*(continued on page 142)*



## AN OASIS

ONE of the real garden spots of Great Neck lies off Cutter Mill Road near the Long Island Railroad.

Here may be found a striking example of artistic landscaping and informal gardening, it will be well worth the time expended to visit this well kept horticultural display.

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## GREAT NECK ACES IN SPORT (continued)

In consequence of their efforts, the Big Green is still considered a threat in Long Island basketball circles.

In the van of the big names in local tennis one finds Mills Baker and his brother Elliot, Bob and Bruce Bielaski, Spencer Peets, Orton Hicks, Arthur Mearns, Cy Watkins and Franklyn Osgood. All of these talented racquet wielders have conspired at one time or another to bring Great Neck well up in the tennis sun. Much of this same group disports itself during the Winter months in various gymnasiums hereabout in pursuit of the elusive feather and cork device used in the game of Badminton.

What one would suppose to be one of the first sports found here—said to be the only real American sport—the old Indian game did not make an initial appearance until the Spring of 1935. We mean, of course, lacrosse, that joyous combination of mayhem, murder, atrocious assault and skill. It was the Nassau Lacrosse Club, whose roster included Eddy Proffitt, a particularly adept proponent of the game, myself, not anywhere near as adept, and a number of Manhasset boys, which first brought to Peninsular eyes the true and lasting joy of contact to be found in no other sport. Perhaps the Indians didn't use tomahawks—no matter, the stick of today leaves almost as much evidence of having been forcibly applied.

It can safely be said that Great Neck is always up in front in the sports parade and will continue to remain there as long as the youth of the locality retains its same intense interest in being just a bit better than a team produced in any other community.

*"Live in Great Neck and  
Enjoy a Sport Life — but  
a Merry one."*





Jack Brooks'  
CLUB TAVERN

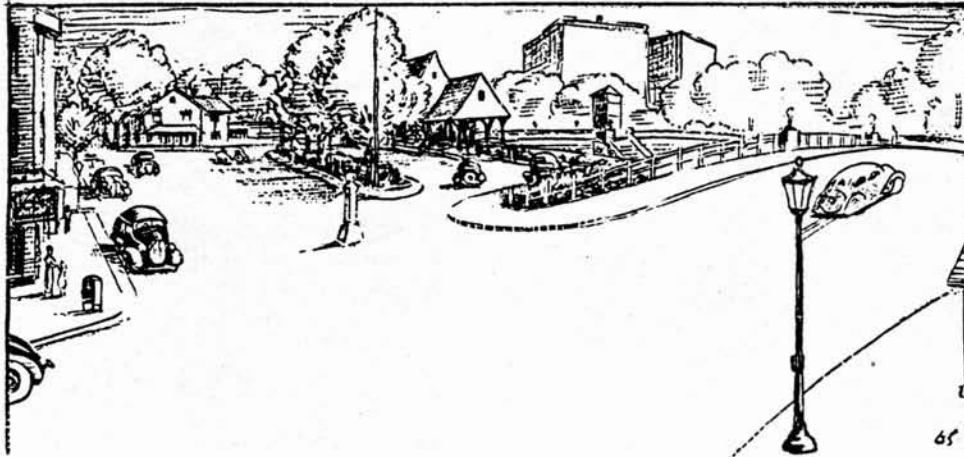
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*Sandwiches*  
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*This sketch shows a section of paving with which all Great Neckers are familiar. Like many other good jobs in this vicinity, it was created by*

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REAL ESTATE

73 Hill Park Avenue

Great Neck, N. Y.

June 1, 1936.

THE BOOK OF GREAT NECK  
45 Middle Neck Road,  
Great Neck, N. Y.

My dear Mr. & Mrs. Gil Spear:

Allow me to take this opportunity to congratulate you upon your sincere efforts on behalf of our very worthwhile mutual interest: - the Great Neck community as a whole and especially that of the thriving Village of Great Neck Plaza.

You will understand my sentiments, I know, when I say that for many years I have felt that there was nothing too good for this village and now that you have done so splendid a job in editing and publishing "The BOOK OF GREAT NECK" I can only amend my statement by writing that I think your work is entirely worthy of the fine people whom it serves and should be deeply appreciated by all public spirited citizens of this community.

Again, congratulations and good luck.

Sincerely

*G. Hollis Kennehan*



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Marilyn Beauty Shoppe .....	24 Middle Neck Road .....	G. N. 3911

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Murphy, George, Jr. ....	45 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 749
Rorech, Charles J. ....	43 South Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 2671

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### DOG AND CAT HOSPITAL

Goodman, Dr. L. W.....	Cutter Mill Road and Ash Drive.....	G. N. 969
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### DRESSMAKING

Suzanne, Mlle. ....	8 Third Street.....	G. N. 614
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### DRUG STORES

Gilliar Drug Co.....	42 and 353 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 100 and 300
Scher's Pharmacy .....	93 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 4545
Wychwood Pharmacy .....	26 Station Plaza.....	G. N. 4070

### ELECTRICAL REPAIRS

Lewis, Chas. R. ....	33 Hick's Lane.....	G. N. 3136
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## CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY (continued)

<b>FLORISTS</b>		
At the Sign of the Flower Pot.....	283 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 2620
Fleur de Lis Flower Shop.....	80 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 632
<b>FUEL (COAL AND OIL)</b>		
Gregory Coal and Lumber.....	10-40 Cutter Mill Road.....	G. N. 1400
Lewis Coal and Oil Co.....	Shore Road, Port Washington.....	Imp. 2405
Nassau Utilities, Inc.....	East Shore Road.....	G. N. 2300
Scranton and Lehigh Coal Co.....	50 Cutter Mill Road.....	G. N. 576
Universal Utilities, Inc.....	113 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 3131
<b>FUNERAL DIRECTORS</b>		
Hutchings, H. J.....	Roslyn, L. I.....	Roslyn 757
Knowles, Austin F.....	128 Main St., Port Washington.....	P. W. 123
<b>FURNITURE AND INTERIOR DECORATION</b>		
Venzke, H. ....	21 Station Plaza.....	G. N. 188
<b>FURRIERS</b>		
Great Neck Fur Shop.....	101 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 2563
<b>GASOLINE SERVICE STATIONS</b>		
Community Filling Stations.....	320 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 1332
Community Filling Station.....	170 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 1013
Williams, Harry .....	Northern Blvd. and Lakeville Rd.....	G. N. 1777
Vogel's Gas Station.....	10 Fifth Street.....	G. N. 2568
<b>GROCERS</b>		
Homann, Joseph .....	2 Third Street.....	G. N. 429
No. Shore Fruit & Veg. Market.....	43 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 1117
<b>HAT SHOPS</b>		
Clemens, Jean .....	8 Third Street.....	G. N. 2021J
Doranne .....	72 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 1989
<b>HOTELS</b>		
Colony House Hotel.....	Third Street at Grace Avenue.....	G. N. 2784
<b>INSURANCE</b>		
Friend, Dana A.....	2 Station Plaza.....	G. N. 3020
Schauf and Cornell.....	255-20 Northern Blvd.....	Imp. 3000
Stevens, Monica R.....	45 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 2010
<b>JEWELERS</b>		
Carulli, J. ....	17 Maple Drive.....	G. N. 2069J
<b>LADIES' APPAREL</b>		
Barrie, Jane .....	71 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 2883-M
Frances .....	25 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 3933
Peets, Florence .....	114 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 819
Weber, Peggy .....	3 Third Street.....	G. N. 746
<b>LANDSCAPE CONTRACTOR</b>		
Stratton, Ralph .....	31 Fairview Avenue.....	G. N. 2048-R
<b>LAUNDRIES</b>		
Madelon Services .....	411 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 1122
<b>LIGHTING</b>		
Long Island Lighting Co.....	42 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 2235
<b>LIQUORS AND WINES</b>		
Gilliar's Liquor Shop.....	349 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 3141
Homann, Joseph .....	15 Station Plaza.....	G. N. 240
<b>LUMBER</b>		
Great Neck Lumber Co., Inc.....	60 Cutter Mill Road.....	G. N. 2702
Gregory Coal & Lumber Co., Inc.....	10-40 Cutter Mill Road.....	G. N. 1400
<b>MOVING AND STORAGE</b>		
Murphy's Moving & Storage Service.....	200 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 549
<b>MULTIGRAPHING</b>		
Pyle, R. A. Letter Shop.....	70 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 2920
<b>NEWSPAPERS</b>		
Great Neck News.....	115 Middle Neck Road.....	G. N. 1100
Great Neck Record.....	1 Third Street.....	G. N. 1410
<b>OIL BURNERS</b>		
Vanderwall, N. H.....	266 Main Street, Port Washington.....	P. W. 110
<b>OPTOMETRISTS</b>		
Siskind, Marcus .....	Little Neck Theatre Bldg., Little Neck.....	Bay. 9-6780
Zaner, Louis T.....	1 Cutter Mill Road.....	G. N. 1760

# CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY (continued)

## PHYSICIANS

Atwell, Dr. W. C.	160 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 2147
Brokaw, Dr. Kathryn F.	66 Maple Drive	G. N. 977
Burke, Dr. Wm. F.	14 Cedar Drive	G. N. 74
Byrne, Dr. David C.	160 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 528
Dunne, Dr. Lawrence	1 Baker Hill Road	G. N. 107
Gurin, Dr. David	4 Maple Drive	G. N. 76
Kaplan, Dr. William	15 Maple Drive	G. N. 1325
Keays, Dr. F. L.	240 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 145
Muncie, Dr. E. Hamilton	160 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1892
Parsons, Dr. Alfred H.	28 Station Plaza	G. N. 135
Stewart, Dr. Edgar E.	25 Maple Drive	G. N. 311
Winemiller, Dr. James L.	215 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 301

## PIANO TEACHERS

Collins, Mrs. Belle	4 Maple Drive	G. N. 224
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## PICTURE FRAMING

Steffanson, Mrs.	283 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 2620
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## PLUMBING AND HEATING

Dickstein, H. Inc.	383 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1119
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## RADIOS

Kelly Radio	113 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1406
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## REAL ESTATE BROKERS

Clancy, Edward Inc.	125 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 164
Finlay Realty Co.	37 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1418
Friend, Howard L.	10 South Middle Neck Road	G. N. 16
Kehoe, Richard	41 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1. and 1240
Ladd, Niel Morrow	102 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 980
Margolin, Edward I.	16 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 2650
Rausch, Arthur F.	45 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 2010
Rorech, Chas. J.	43 South Middle Neck Road	G. N. 2671
Storms, Edgar, Jr.	53 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 103
Wolf, I. G.-White, R. A., Inc.	38 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 921
Wrede, Richard	Theatre Bldg., Little Neck	Bay. 9-2410

## RESTAURANTS

Blackbird Tea Shop, The	17 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 182
Bradley's Covered Wagon	26 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 4227
Club Tavern	35 Station Plaza	G. N. 32
Colony House Restaurant	13 Grace Avenue	G. N. 2784
De Jean's	160 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1689
Mulner's Tavern	Northern Boulevard	G. N. 830
Shanghai Inn	32 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1969

## ROAD CONSTRUCTION

Crampton Bros.	East Shore Road	G. N. 1700
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## SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Carlson, Annette	79 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1312
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## SIGNS

Gianini, Hector	Bayside	G. N. 4345
Nilsson, G.	97 Cutter Mill Road	G. N. 2831

## STATIONERY STORES

B. and R. Stationery & Sport Shop	24 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 1659
Hiken, H.	29 Station Plaza	G. N. 1665
Lucomsky, Sam	75 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 3975
Oxman, Meyer	433 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 607, 1087
Weiner, D.	363 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 2150

## THEATRES

Great Neck Playhouse	104 Middle Neck Road	G. N. 500, Imp. 501
The Four Seasons Theatre	Roslyn, L. I.	Ros. 1249

## WATER SUPPLY

Citizens' Water Supply Co.	165 Cutter Mill Road	G. N. 210
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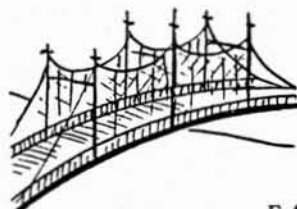
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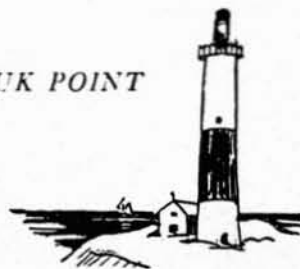
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